EPT. 28,
1940

Liberty 5¢

OW JAPAN PLANS TO CONQUER AMERICA by Carl Crow

MURDER ON THE DIAMOND by Joe Medwick

"I WAS A HITCH HIKER ON THE Highway of Love"

1. "As a glamour girl I wasn't doing so badly until the Fall of 1938. Parties, dances and weekends . . . poor men, rich men, romantic ones and plain . . . I knew all the types that a girl meets in gay New York. Then all of a sudden something happened.

3. "Later at the shop, I noticed my sales were falling off. Some of my older customers seemed to prefer dealing with other saleswomen and for the life of me I couldn't tell why. Then along came Mr. Simpson and asked me to a dance—and that's the night I grew up.

5. "Sick with shame and humiliation I pleaded illness and Mr. Simpson took me home. Next morning I was at my doctor's bright and early . . . and in tears. This is what he told me. 'Anyone may have halitosis (bad breath) such as you have—without realizing it but it's nothing for you to worry about. Some authorities say most cases are caused by fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth and my experience proves that Listerine Antiseptic is an excellent precaution against this condition. It halts the fermentation and overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Why not make a habit of using it morning and night and between times before social engagements?'

2. "I'd meet new, attractive men by the dozens, go out with them *once*, and that would be the end of it. At first it didn't bother me because I was frightfully busy in the shop and then I tried to laugh it off —'You're just a hitch hiker on the highway of love,' I told myself . . . 'and you're not getting any younger.'

4. "I had returned from the powder room and was seated behind some portieres. Although Mr. Simpson didn't see me nor I him, I recognized his voice. 'Honestly, Harry,' he was saying to a friend, 'I don't think I can last out the evening. She's got a case of halitosis that a greyhound couldn't jump over. You'd think she never heard of Listerine.'

6. "Every story ought to have a happy ending and mine is no different. After I took my doctor's advice about Listerine Antiseptic, I began to see people and go places again. Things at the shop were better, too. Late this spring I became engaged, (not to Mr. Simpson, but to a man just as eligible) and I'll be married in the fall. What a fool any woman is to take chances with halitosis (bad breath) when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy and delightful precaution."

BEFORE ANY DATE USE

LISTERINE

SEPTEMBER 28, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 39

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WE MUST HAVE COMPULSORY PHYSICAL TRAINING!

BERNARR MACFADDEN

This subject has been the source of bitter controversy not only among our Washington legislators but throughout our entire nation.

Previous to Hitler's blitzkrieg a vast majority of our people condemned military training of any kind for our youthful citizens; but the savagery that was unleashed by Hitler's legions awakened us to the dangers that some day we might have to face.

And we well know that we are in no way prepared to meet such fiendish warfare.

And now compulsory military training is being recommended by many of our leading citizens, and with the threat of invasion many previously loud in their condemnation are heartily favoring it.

However, there is one phase of compulsory training the importance of which stands out with startling emphasis, and the votes in its favor would be almost unanimous.

We all admit the desirability of training our boys and girls sufficiently to ensure full growth and development of mind and body at maturity. We send them to school. They pass through grammar and high school . . . many complete their education in colleges. It is the duty of parents to see that their children are fully prepared for the challenge in life's great arena. They should have also given them opportunity to become fully grown men and women, physically as well as mentally.

Throughout this entire country school attendance is compulsory. In some states parents are liable to arrest who fail to send their children to school. Such compulsion is undoubtedly commendable.

Although there may be doubts in the minds of some people as to the military phase of compulsory training, no one can question the importance of compulsory education. Children must be compelled to go to school. They must acquire the mental balance of a full-grown adult, and we should not allow these immature citizens to contact the various foreign isms until they have had a thorough knowledge of Americanism. Then they are prepared to cope with the wild ravings of foreign fanatics.

In previous generations manual labor to a large extent developed the muscles, giving us square-shouldered, rugged specimens of masculinity; and the active duties about house, garden, etc., filled out the bodies of girls when they reached maturity.

Today we live in a labor-saving age. Electricity furnishes power for a large part of the work around the house. Even farmers ride while working in the fields. Hard work is out of style.

We have declared that mental training is compulsory; but the training of the musculature is far more important if we desire to make our boys strong splendid types of manhood, and our girls fine outstanding specimens of graceful womanhood.

As a nation we have shamefully neglected this superlative duty. It is far more important for a boy to develop into a fine specimen of manhood than for him to have a college degree, and the same physical excellence should be demanded of our girls.

We are not normal human beings if the physical phase of our personality is not fully developed.

Even the wild life of the forest, the birds and animals, look after the growth of their young until they reach maturity. The coddling procedure we have popularized in the last two or three generations will ultimately make us a race of weaklings —bringing national oblivion—unless we accept the same compulsion for physical education we have for the mental training of our youthful citizens.

A boy is not ready to face the world . . . lacks balance and poise . . . if he is not a man in every sense of the word. A girl is immature and not in full possession of normal feminine instincts if her body has not been made strong and comely.

We can say what we want about the military phase of compulsory training, but a sufficient amount of compulsory physical training is absolutely essential to the maintenance of our national existence. Evils of various kinds that prey upon the physical life of our people have been allowed to exist. Commercialism has had too much influence on many phases of American physical life. We should acquire the proper respect for the dignity and even the sacred character of our bodies which the Good Book says were made in His image.

Bernarr Macfadden

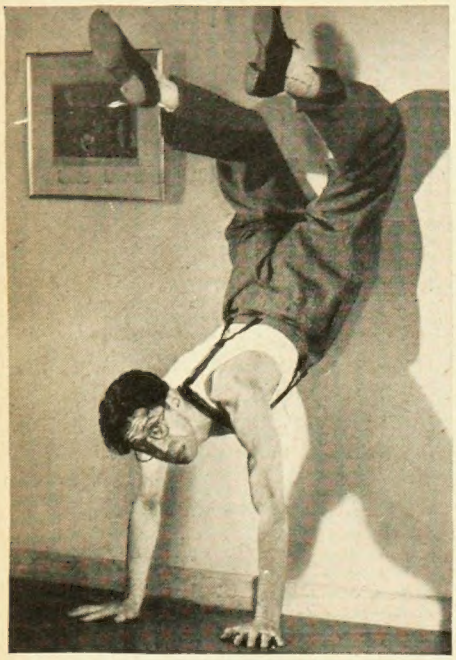
Conditional permission to copy and publish this editorial is hereby granted provided such publication is for editorial use only, and is accompanied by the notice "Copyright, 1940, by Macfadden Publications, Inc."

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

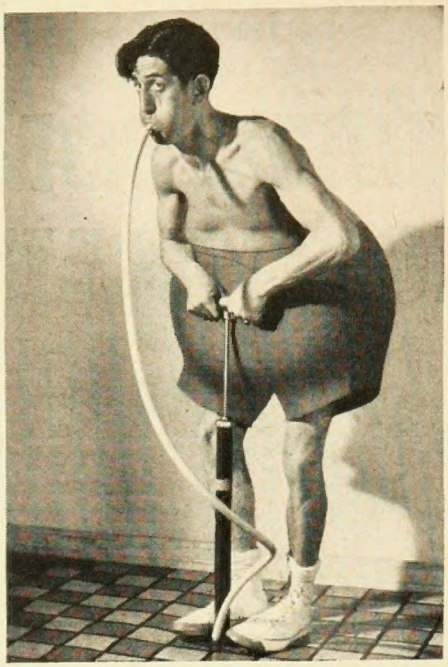
Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York. N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Copyright, 1940, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

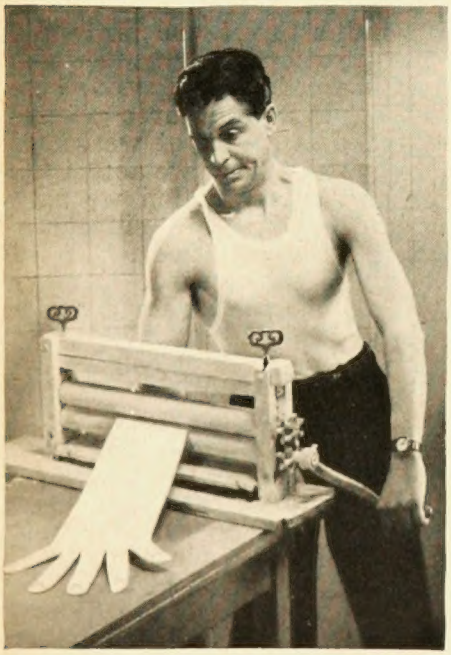
How to adjust yourself to a shirt



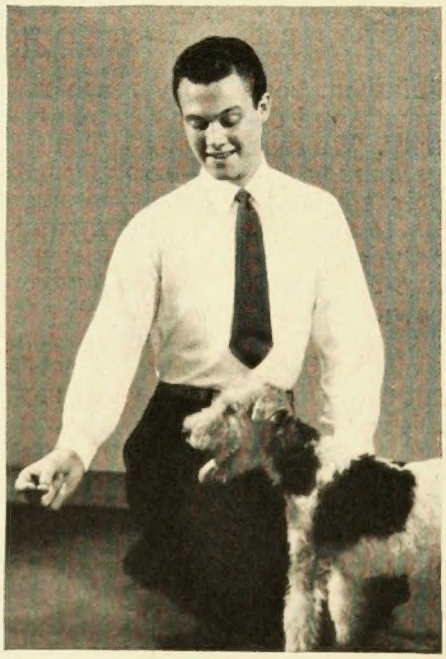
1. DO THIS five hours daily. It builds up shoulders to fit old-shape shirts. An easier way to neat fit is: wear Arrow Shirts, whose exclusive "Mitoga" figure-fit slopes with your shoulders.



2. PUMP YOURSELF FULL of air. This will give you the waist outline of old-shape shirts. A pleasanter way to better fit is: wear Arrow Shirts, the "Mitoga" figure-fit waist curves in, like *your* waist.



3. USE AN EVENER-UPPER to make arms uniform from shoulder to wrist, to fit the straight sleeves of other shirts. Better still: wear Arrow Shirts; their "Mitoga"-cut arms are tapered like yours.



4. SOLVE EVERYTHING with Arrow Shirts. They have smart Arrow collars, are Sanforized-Shrunk. Get Gordon (oxford) at $2, Hitt and Dale (with non-wilt collars) $2, $2.50. Others, $2 up.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

GEORGIA'S MARKED BALLOT

ATLANTA, GA.—Frederick L. Collins overlooked one state in citing conditions on elections (August 17 Liberty). It's our dear State of Georgia. We still have the poll tax, the antiquated county unit system, and, above all, a marked ballot.

Every ballot cast by the voter can be traced, and everybody wishing to do so can find out who he or she voted for.

Is not that fine for a politician who wishes to penalize a person for voting against him?—*W. W. Clark.*

¶ **"There are two kinds of people in the world," remarks Sam Violet of Kokomo, Indiana. "Those who laugh at their own jokes and those who laugh at others'. The latter are the boys and girls who get ahead."**

LAST HOLD BEST

CANDLER, N. C.—May I say to Bette Hughes (August 17 Vox Pop) that the answer is simple.

The husband holds the wife before he gets her. The wife holds the husband after she gets him.

Reciprocity, "in heaven's name."—*H. M. Williams.*

"LIBERTY, WHAT CRIMES," ETC.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Say, hey, what shall I do? I saw one of our cops swipe an August 24 Liberty from a newsstand.

Yes, sir, that's what I am beefing about—the law is taking too much liberty.—*Albert Epp.*

PENNY FROM THE HOLY LAND

CHICAGO, ILL.—To think that Mr. H. V. Kaltenborn should give only one solution to his Question No. 4 in his News Quiz (July 27 Liberty). He asks, "What country recognizes three official languages for its population?" His solution states that Switzerland is that

country. Far be it from me to argue, but the last time I saw a penny from the Holy Land, it was inscribed with three different languages: English, Hebrew, and Arabic. Or am I wrong?—*Sol Lepovsky.*

STILL GRINDING!

ROYAL OAK, MICH.—If J. Christy (August 10 Vox Pop) will look again at the headings on these pages, he will see that the lady is standing and her right

foot is below the line of drawing. The man is sitting, but if J. Christy will try sitting at a grindstone he will find that his statement is wrong.—*Mrs. King Tree.*

¶ **"There are fewer high-hatters in Missouri than in any other state in the Union," declares Zeke Hornsby of St. Louis, Missouri.**

KISSES NOT RELISHED

ORIENT, S. D.—Why don't you change the tone of some of your fiction? You still persist publishing stories not relished by many readers, such as kisses, hugging, marriages, divorces, murder, Hollywood, etc.

If you claim that this is just what people want, I answer that decent-minded folks will never approve catering to the wishes of those who prefer to wallow in the sensational. Most decent readers desire high-class morality in fiction.

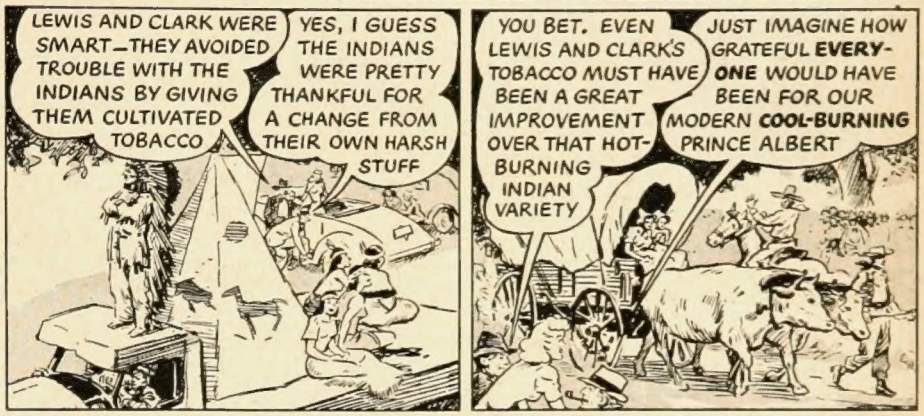
Liberty does contain some excellent articles, but good-by! If at any time Liberty will reform and make itself suitable for especially innocent young folks, I shall be glad to come back.—*Rev. John A. Krebs.*

¶ **"Few men go out with the intention of getting drunk, but if the Brooks High License Law were enforced to stop treating, it would improve conditions 100 per cent," says J. Frank Boyer of Morristown, Pennsylvania.**

(Continued on page 6)

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

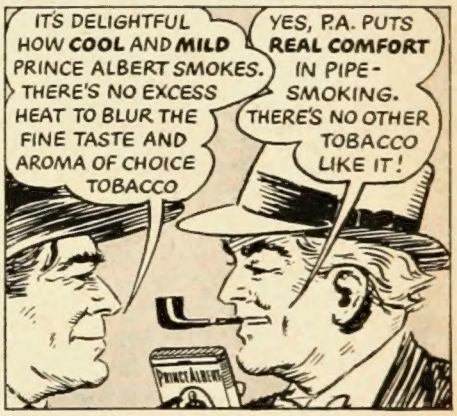
THE SHERIFF BACK HOME WRITES, 'HERE'S TO OUR NEXT PIPELOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT, AND MY BEST REGARDS TO CHUBBINS'
THAT'S NICE, DAD... OH! HERE'S THE PARADE!
DAYS OF 1881 CELEBRATION PIERRE, S.D.
THIS CITY'S RIGHT ON THE ROUTE TAKEN BY THE FAMOUS U.S. ARMY PIONEERS, LEWIS AND CLARK, IN 1804
OH, YES, THEY WERE THE FIRST TO LEAD AN EXPEDITION TO THE WEST COAST OVER THE NORTHERN ROUTE


LEWIS AND CLARK WERE SMART—THEY AVOIDED TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS BY GIVING THEM CULTIVATED TOBACCO
YES, I GUESS THE INDIANS WERE PRETTY THANKFUL FOR A CHANGE FROM THEIR OWN HARSH STUFF
YOU BET. EVEN LEWIS AND CLARK'S TOBACCO MUST HAVE BEEN A GREAT IMPROVEMENT OVER THAT HOT-BURNING INDIAN VARIETY
JUST IMAGINE HOW GRATEFUL EVERY-ONE WOULD HAVE BEEN FOR OUR MODERN COOL-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT

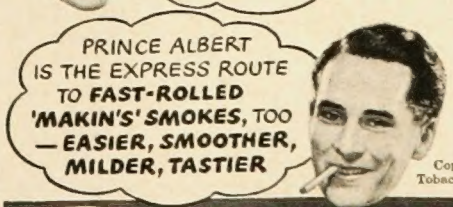
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

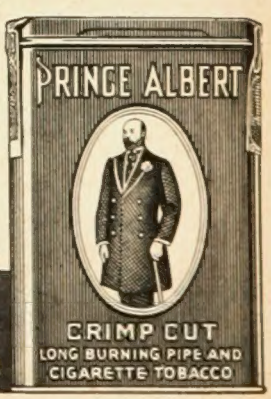
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*


IT'S DELIGHTFUL HOW COOL AND MILD PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES. THERE'S NO EXCESS HEAT TO BLUR THE FINE TASTE AND AROMA OF CHOICE TOBACCO
YES, P.A. PUTS REAL COMFORT IN PIPE-SMOKING. THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT!
PRINCE ALBERT

HIT THE HAPPY TRAIL P.A. TO *Smoother Smokes*



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

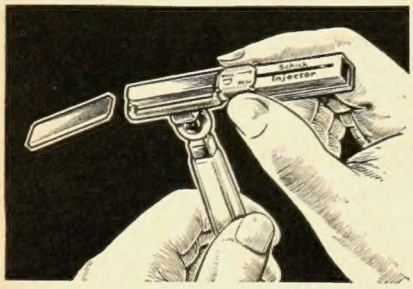


Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

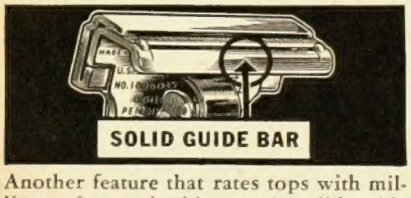
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

MAKE SURE YOUR SON GETS AN "A" IN SHAVING!

If you want to help that son of yours make the grade in and out of the classroom, send him off to a flying start with a Schick Injector Razor. It's a razor young men take to because it's full of young ideas that spell surpassing comfort, safety and speed. He'll find Schick Injector shaving so easy, so fast, that he'll never want to skip a single day's session with this razor.



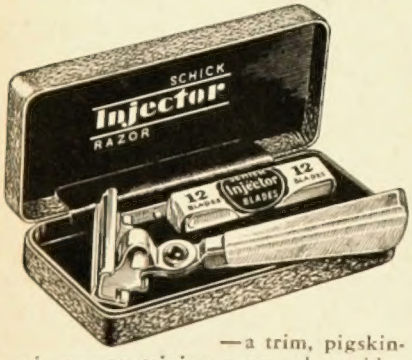
He (and you) can change blades in 3 seconds flat with this razor! An easy pull and push on the Injector slide shoots out the old blade and inserts a new one automatically. No fumbling with wrappings, nothing to unscrew, reassemble.



Another feature that rates tops with millions of users is this razor's solid guide bar that controls the action of the skin in front of the blade edge, and "sets up" each whisker for a perfect stroke. Even the sharp blade corners are sheathed by metal guards that protect the face against nicks and cuts.

You can treat that young man to a SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

FOR ONLY $1.00



—a trim, pigskin-grain case containing razor and cartridge of 12 double-thick Schick Blades. Razor carries a 20-year guarantee stamped in bottom of case.

Schick Injector Razor

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO.

Bridgeport, Connecticut — Niagara Falls, Ont., Canada

Dempsey Backs Macfadden for Health Post

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I was deeply impressed by the editorial Bernarr Macfadden Wants to Be Secretary of Health (August 3 Liberty), and I, for one, am heartily in favor of it. I think it is one of the most logical and progressive suggestions that have been made in a long, long time, and I am more than willing to get behind a movement whose objective would be to invoke the President of the United States to create such a place in his Cabinet and appoint Mr. Macfadden to the post.

The health and bodies of our American boys and girls, men and women are just as important to the welfare of the nation as are the army, navy, or flying corps. Great stress right now is being laid on "preparedness," meaning preparedness to meet possible invasion by armed forces. Great stress also is being laid on the necessity of getting tanks, ships, planes, etc., in condition (i. e., up to date), as it is apparent that in this machine age wars will be fought, *are* being fought, with machines. But these machines are no better than their operators!

If a citizen like Bernarr Macfadden, with his vast knowledge and experience in these matters, is willing to give his services to his country, *immediate* advantage should be taken by that country of the opportunity thus offered. He is best qualified to administer the post.

We do need a Secretary of Health, and Bernarr Macfadden is the outstanding man for the job!—*Jack Dempsey.*

MOTHERS ARE MOBILIZING

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—A paragraph from our organization's constitution reads as follows: "To organize and mobilize throughout the United States of America the mothers of boys, to oppose vigilantly public measures or movements which will result in the sending of American boys to fight on foreign soil; to influence public officials and others in the interests of universal peace, and to promote the cause of peace through educational and civic action to the end that the United States of America may never again engage in war, except for purely defensive reasons; and to urge the government of the United States to maintain a policy of strict neutrality in relation to any foreign misunderstandings, encounters or embroglios."

We believe that mothers, if united, can put a stop to all wars. We urge all women interested in this great undertaking to contact our national headquarters.—*Mrs. Charles Fischer, President, Mothers, Mobilizing Against War.*

SEND US ONE

BRIDGEWATER, VA.—It has been almost a year now since you have had a Short Short with any humor to speak of in it. —*Robert A. Miller.*

¶ Opines Jean Ann Nathan of Attica, Indiana: "If America would stop worrying about affairs outside her boundaries and start thinking about her internal diseases, there would be fewer headaches, more improvement, no third terms, and fewer exhibitionists!"

VOX POPPERS, YOU CHOOSE!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—If the three pieces recently published in Liberty, The Lid Off Los Angeles, Tales Out of School, and Upstairs and Down in Hitler's House, were entered in a contest, would it not require more than a jury of college professors to choose the winner intelligently?—*L. Adams.*

"THOUGHT I KNEW BROADWAY!"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Mr. Walter Winchell's Broadway Quiz (August 3 Liberty) uses forty very good questions, but too tough for me! I thought I knew Broadway, but at best could score only twenty-seven. — *Douglas Leigh, President, Douglas Leigh, Inc.*

"You'll be careful, won't you, ma, and not disarrange anything?"

WHAT WOULD BETSY ROSS SAY?

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—During National Flag Week an associate of mine desired to use some small flags as souvenirs in his business. When they arrived, each flag bore a small sticker saying, *Made in Italy.*

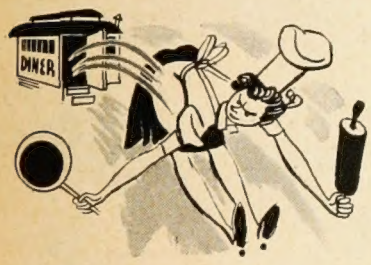
It seems to me that, with employment conditions as they are, our American emblem should be American-made!

Such transactions as these are very discouraging to the American youth, of which I am one.—*Dorothy Helms.*

BAKED POTATO RACE

EL PASO, TEX.—Ten hours, eh? If it took a restaurant cook *two* hours to butter six hundred hot baked potatoes she would get "walking papers."

Will you please tell that sap of a Mrs. Doubting Thomas (August 10 Vox Pop) that she lives up to her name—and then some?—*Mrs. Experience.*



LIFE IS IN GOOD HANDS

FOND DU LAC, WIS.—Is it possible that Polly McCord (August 10 Vox Pop) is a youngster? It is exactly what I would be writing, and I'm old enough to be a grandmother.

If Polly is young and there are others like her, life is in good hands.—*C. Scheffer, M. D.*

¶ **"Is the female more deadly than the male?" asks Peter Marr of Washington, D. C. "I see where the F. B. I. has reported (Crime Quiz, August 31 Liberty) that there are fifteen women murderers to eleven men killers. Ladies first!"**

SWEARING OFF

CORRY, PA.—
I'll set me down in rocking chair,
Roll up my sleeves and tear my hair
And grab my pen and ink it well
And write and write and write like ———
Others *don't* in Liberty.

I'll write about the sun and soil
And how a man discovered oil
And how it changed the earth and skies.
I'll never tell the awful ———
Tales they tell in Liberty.

I'll enter games in other mags
And send in answers by the bags,
And even though I am a "ham,"
I'm through forever with the ———
Games you find in Liberty.
—*E. Henry Watterson.*

"I Live in a Great Big Way!"

". . . and so I gotta have room to—well—sort of relax in." She adds, "I like Pullman because it's so spacious. Comfortable. Makes it possible to take it easy in the day and sleep at night. The service is so friendly, too. *It's fun to go Pullman!"*

Kate Smith's cheery "Hello Everybody" signals radio enjoyment for millions!

KATE SMITH'S answer to how to be comfortable while traveling is the answer of millions. *And it will be your answer after you discover its advantages!*

You see, Pullman gives you plenty of space by day. A real bed at night. The kind of service that makes your trip pleasurable.

It affords you ample space for your personal luggage, apart from the 150 lbs. you can check free in the baggage car.

You can go to bed when you like, and turn out your light when you like; you'll be called in the morning.

And yet . . . the cost of a lower berth, by Pullman, on an average overnight trip, is only $2.65, plus, of course, your first class rail fare for transportation.

So why travel *uncomfortably* when you can go practically anywhere the dependable, comfortable Pullman way . . . that gives you so much for so little?

(NOTE: For a little over lower berth rate, you can have exclusive use of a whole Section with full use of both seats by day and extra space normally made into an upper at night.)

You Want Plenty of hot water, clean towels, pleasant surroundings. You get them when you go Pullman. Adequate mirror space and light are other "homelike" conveniences you'll welcome!

Copyright 1940, The Pullman Company

Go Pullman

To give you a candid view of itself, this telephone wears a transparent dress. Shown cut away, so you can see still more detail, are the transmitter (the part you talk into) and the receiver (the part with which you listen).

Now look INSIDE your telephone

"You'd never guess this one. It says our telephone has 248 parts."

"And think how seldom it gets out of order!"

To Americans, telephoning is second nature. They do it 94,000,000 times a day. To them, who thus conquer space and time, telephones are a commonplace — these familiar instruments, gateways to 21,000,000 others in the homes and offices of this land.

Making Bell telephones so well that you take them for granted, is the achievement of Western Electric craftsmen. It's what they have learned in doing that job for 58 years. It's the way they make cable, switchboards, vacuum tubes, all the 43,000 designs of apparatus for the Bell System. The excellence of their workmanship thus plays a part in your daily life.

Western Electric *. . . is back of your Bell Telephone service*

Intimate, illuminating! The blithe candid chronicle of a crowded hour

Willkie over the coffee cups

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME
10 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

BREAKFAST with Wendell L. Willkie! What better time could there be to size up the man who may very likely be our next President? Host and guests are rested and refreshed. A new day is ahead of us; its problems and annoyances have not dulled our wits or distracted our minds.

The door to the Willkie hotel suite is open. It is not eight o'clock yet. The reception room is empty.

Suddenly one of the closed doors is pulled open, and our host strides into the room as if he had springs in his shoes. "Hello there, good morning!" he exclaims. "Come right on in. Did I keep you waiting?"

Indeed not, we hasten to say. It still lacks a minute to eight. We were too early, but—

"Sit down." Mr. Willkie drags an armchair clear across the room and places it at a table already set for us with whopping big glasses of orange juice nested in ice at each place.

The man who may be President is a husky fellow, big-boned, vital. We study each other over the rims of our orange-juice glasses. He has an enviable lot of hair, dark hair. There are a lot of laughs packed behind that long, flexible upper lip, we guess. He wears a dark suit, white collar-attached shirt, a necktie of diagonal blue and white checks—but the suit needs pressing, and no valet tied that tie.

Our host tries to discuss the morning's headlines, so we confess we have not seen the newspapers yet. We put a bold question, and learn that Mr. Willkie wakes up at seven and reads all the morning newspapers—he has digested five already this morning.

"I'm a great reader of the want ads," he admits. "I always read the local newspapers in whatever town I happen to be, and I read the classified advertisements as closely as the news columns. There is no better index to a community. How many persons are advertising for jobs—and what kind of jobs. What sort of situations are available. Who has what to sell or swap. I can learn more about a city from the advertising columns of its newspapers than from its Chamber of Commerce."

A waiter comes in and sets forth big bowls—and I mean big—of fresh blackberries.

"I like small towns," he says. "And that is no campaign hokum. I was born in one, and I worked in a lot of them, in factories, bakeries, mills."

That invites questions about Mr. Willkie's youth and his career. What does a man do to get a $75,000-a-year job as head of a great public-utility corporation, and then be dramatically nominated for the Presidency against the competition and opposition of the party's inner circle?

We learn that the way Mr. Willkie reached the threshold of the White House was to keep out of politics.

"When I came back from the war I was offered the chance to run for Congress—as a Democrat, of course. I was a registered Democrat until a year ago. I didn't leave my party. It left me. I looked the opportunity full in the face, and I turned it down. Years later I was asked to run for mayor of Akron, Ohio. I refused, not because I had no interest in public affairs, because I have always been active in them as a citizen. But I have always had an obsession, you might call it, for independence. I could not have been a congressman from Indiana or a mayor of Akron without doing and saying a lot of things in which I did not believe. In my career in law and in business I could have been a rich man, too, if I had grabbed some of the opportunities offered, but that would have meant the same compromise with myself that politics required.

"Look here," says Mr. Willkie, as the waiter deals platters of thickly cut broiled ham and scrambled eggs. "I'm coming out of this Presidential campaign as real as I went into it. I'm not going to do anything or say anything in which I don't believe, and if some of it sounds phony, then I'm more fooled by myself than anybody else.

"I'm getting a lot of free advice.

People write in objecting to my smoking cigarettes. They say that I have been photographed too often with a cigarette in my hand or face. The way that reacts on me is to make me be sure I have a cigarette every time a camera is pointed at me. If a man gets faky about little things, he will fake on the big issues."

How does it feel to be a candidate for the Presidency—more than that, to be one whom the first test polls indicate will be elected President? Willkie spreads his hands in a characteristic gesture. It is something, he tells us, beyond description; a mixture of high adventure, awesome responsibility, pleasure, and woe. You see, up to May he had no more idea of running for President than of competing in the Atlantic City bathing-beauty contest.

It seems that after Willkie's monumental battles with the New Deal on public vs. private ownership of utilities, he wrote a couple of magazine stories to lay his ideas before the public. Some influential men, magazine and newspaper publishers, thought so well of his arguments that they started individual little booms of the "We Want Willkie" type, but a young lawyer in New York, Oren Root, really started things going by organizing Willkie for President clubs. Willkie had never met Root, knew of him only as the grandson of the great Elihu Root, so he arranged a meeting and asked the young man how come? Root answered that he believed Willkie would make a great President and that undoubtedly many others believed so, too, and he was just organizing the sentiment in an amateur sort of way.

ALL this is history, of course, which we are recalling. We remember that Willkie accepted invitations to speak in California, Minnesota, and Iowa, and brought out record-breaking audiences. Six weeks before the Republican convention Willkie himself was convinced by the arguments of 10,000 others that he should become a candidate. It was too late to enter any primaries. He had no political organization. In the main, the politicians were against him. At Philadelphia, the day the convention opened, delegates from eleven northwestern states caucused and produced a barbed resolution against Willkie. The old party wheel horses were scurrying around trying to get Thomas E. Dewey, the leading candidate, and Senator Robert A. Taft to join forces and head off the Willkie boom, but neither of the leaders would defer to the other; each was certain Willkie was a false alarm.

But it is impolite to reminisce in this fashion while our host leaves his ham and eggs virtually untouched to enjoy coffee and cigarette.

"Did you ever get the hundred hours of sleep you told Bernarr Macfadden you craved that night of the nomination?"

Willkie grins. "I have not," he says. "And I probably won't."

He averages a caller every fifteen minutes from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., he says, and we sneak a guilty look at our watch. It is drawing close to 9 A. M.

"I find," Willkie says, with that grin again, "that I am supposed to know the answers to everything. I don't. I have a lot to learn, and I'm willing to admit it. My mind functions best in free discussion. I like an argument. That's how I learn.

"I guess by now that I have pretty well acquainted the American people with my general convictions. I think business requires some federal supervision. I would not abolish TVA, for instance, nor the Securities and Exchange Commission, but I would certainly change both their personnel and operating methods.

"A strait jacket is a perfect instrument to keep a person from doing wrong, but it is a hell of a costume to expect him to work in."

WHAT about foreign affairs? About national defense?

"No one despises Hitler and all he stands for more than I do, and nobody has greater contempt than I for his imitators and his apologists," Willkie says, and there is wrath in his voice. "Everybody knows how I feel about that. I made no secret of it. I was for helping the countries fighting the dictators with every material assistance we could give them.

"National defense? I'm for it to the limit. But you can't achieve it simply by appropriating billions of dollars. Modern warfare is a matter of production, of industrial co-ordination from the farm and the mine right on through to the guns and the men who man them. It is also a question of national unity. I'm for keeping out of war, but to be ready for it from the grass roots up."

He smiles again. "And I don't think that making provocative statements and caustic accusations either keeps us out of war or bluffs the dictators into keeping hands off our interests.

"The essence of our foreign policy should be to preserve and develop our own democracy. We can best defend international democracy by making this country strong. Totalitarianism respects but one thing, and that is strength. The biggest navy, the hardest-hitting army—those are important, yes. But behind them must be a united people and a flourishing domestic economy.

"We have today the greatest reservoir of liquid capital the world has ever seen, and it is producing nothing much. The requirements of business and industry are enormous, the capacity of consumption is great, but capital won't flow into business because of the attitude the government has taken toward business and industry—and when I use those words, I mean them to describe the farmer, the small shopkeeper, and the newsboy on the street, for that matter.

"Take this current worry about Latin America. We could recapture those markets, and by mutually profitable business relationships make democracy secure, if government did not sabotage business here in the United States. One trouble with the New Deal is its belief that there is just so much 'trade.' Why, commerce is limitless! You might as well say there were just so many dollars, when everybody knows—even if the New Dealers seem to pretend they don't—that it isn't the dollar but the credit based upon it that makes wealth and prosperity. Trade is credit, the most expansive thing in the world.

"But a big foreign commerce, like a big army and navy, isn't what makes a country rich and strong. Down behind all that there must be unity, national solidarity. We must all be Americans together!"

Willkie looks thoughtful.

"I am of German descent," he says, "and I am proud of it. There is no finer racial stock from which to spring, but I don't harp on the subject. German, Italian, Pole, Scotsman, Irishman, it makes no difference; we are all descended from immigrants who came to the United States to win freedom of intellect, freedom of opportunity."

SUDDENLY Willkie stands up. He strides across the room, wheels, and you know at once that he is a very angry man.

"It has been reported to me that people are saying: 'I'm for Willkie because he is not for the Jews,' or 'I'm against Willkie because he is not for the Jews,' and either way it is dirty politics and treasonable un-Americanism. I don't want the vote of any man or woman who thinks I am against any race or religion. I have served for years on the board of an organization dedicated to the promotion of better understanding between the great religions and their followers."

There is a knock on the door. A young woman secretary reports an urgent long-distance telephone call.

Willkie excuses himself and goes to the telephone as his wife comes in. Mrs. Willkie begs off being interviewed. She will neither make any speeches nor write for publication, she says. She is Wendell Willkie's wife and it is a full-time job.

But now the secretary is at the door again, and through the opening we can see the nervously tapping feet of half a dozen waiting persons. Willkie turns from the telephone. As we thank him, it begins to ring and the secretary hurries to answer it.

We follow her, shouldering aside the resentful stares of the persons who have been kept waiting. There are still more in the hallway beyond, and the elevator has to disgorge a full load before we can enter it, to descend to the street and hurry to the typewriter to set forth our account of breakfast with Wendell L. Willkie.

THE END

Kobe, one of Japan's great industrial bases for economic warfare.

EWING GALLOWAY PHOTO

HOW JAPAN PLANS TO CONQUER AMERICA

Is this beyond belief?—A startling look into the future

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

BY CARL CROW

THERE can no longer be any doubt as to the part Japan intends to play in the strange new world of the future. To the Japanese, the death and destruction in Europe and Asia mean the opportunity to found a new Asiatic empire over which the Mikado will rule, bringing glory and power and wealth to the sons of Nippon.

There is nothing new about this dream of empire. Just about 300 years ago Hideyoshi, a stableboy, became a successful warrior and set out to conquer the world and bring all mankind under the rule of Japan. He failed, but he became the greatest hero of Japan and set a goal which has never been forgotten. Only a few years ago we could laugh at these Japanese ambitions. Today they are no longer absurd. The war in Europe has removed most of the obstacles. German conquest of England would leave the Japanese free to act.

They themselves are so certain of success that both the tone and the text of their official announcements have changed radically in less than a year. At the time of the Munich conference Japan was assuring the world that she would withdraw from China as soon as the anti-Japanese factions there had been driven from power. This sounded plausible to many Americans. The fact was that the Japanese had laid out a program for themselves that they thought would take years of painstaking labor. This generation was to take Manchuria and then China. The next generation could move southward slowly but securely.

But as Hitler swept through Europe and dropped bombs on England, the Japanese began talking about the war in Europe as "a heavenly wind." Within their grasp now was the world of Asia. France was out of the way, England threatened, the United States unprepared. They were confident enough to announce their policy of expansion, which they call "the Asia Monroe Doctrine."

The new label placed on this old program is false. The Japanese "Monroe Doctrine" is nothing more than a warning to the world—especially to the United States—to keep hands off while Japan brings all of Asia under the flag of the Rising Sun.

Her plans, of course, assume the complete conquest of China. Hence the demand that the Indo-China Railway and the Burma Road be closed. Even without having conquered China, she could easily take the Dutch East Indies and French Indo-China. At present they are unprotected orphan colonies. Her fleet could make short work of Hongkong and British Borneo. With possession of the Dutch East Indies, she could make Singapore useless. And the Japanese are counting on Hitler's ability to destroy the British Empire, and that would leave Singapore helpless.

After all this, the Philippines, if independent, would fall like a ripe plum. Siam and Burma are included in the blueprints. When I was in those countries last year I found them full of Japanese secret agents.

Japan was the only nation to register an official protest when we annexed the Hawaiian Islands, and the protest has never been withdrawn. And if the Japanese could do no more than break down the doors which bar their immigration, there would soon be more Japanese than whites in Australia and New Zealand.

Even the Japanese war lords know that all of these places cannot be seized and occupied at once. The empire they hope to establish before there is peace in the world will consist of the British, French, and

Dutch possessions in the Far East. The Japanese flag may be flying over some of them before this article appears in print. These, with China, would give Japan the greatest, the richest, the most powerful empire the world has ever known. Its area would be several times that of the United States and it would contain more than one third of the world's population. It would be compact, fringed by hundreds of defensive islands, easily accessible from Tokyo. It would not be dependent on outside sources for supplies of food and raw materials. Everything that Japan needs and much that the world cannot do without would be found under the Japanese flag.

Her war lords have already figured out the size of the army and the navy they would be able to support with these new resources. Millions of Chinese, Javanese, Cambodians, Tonkinese, Annamites, Malays—possibly Filipinos—and many other races of Asia would give Japan access to a supply of human cannon fodder ten times as large as she can drain from her own islands. Her armies and reserves could be counted by the tens of millions. Commanded by Japanese officers, they could—so the war lords believe—carry the Japanese flag to the ends of the earth. And these rich possessions, taxed according to the highly efficient Japanese system, could build and maintain a navy as great as all the world's present navies combined.

But, once Japan has established this great empire, it will not be necessary for her to build this big navy and organize such armies before she begins the conquest of the United States. She may be able to complete that conquest without firing a shot—by slow economic strangulation.

THE first blow would be at our foreign trade. We are losing it in every part of the Orient where her flag flies. It is true that we sell a great deal to Japan, but not the kind of goods that keep our factory wheels turning. Our sales to her consist very largely of raw materials, such as cotton, which feed her factories and enable her, with her cheap labor, to undersell us in the markets of the world. We also sell her the machines that help her factories to make the goods to compete with us. The quantity and value of the "consumer goods" that we sell to Japan are constantly decreasing, as they are in all places under Japanese control. Japan takes all that business for herself.

In this new Asiatic empire we would lose not only the trade we now have but a very large part of the market we now have in Japan for raw materials. Development of the plains of North China would free her from dependence on American cotton. With the oil wells of the Dutch East Indies alone, she would not only buy no more oil from us but would supply our present customers in other parts of Asia. With the oil fields of Burma and Borneo, she would compete in other parts of the world. After the development of the many mines in her new empire she would no longer be dependent on us even for scrap iron.

But even this is nothing compared to further blows the Japanese have in store for us. The only reason Japan is not supplying all the cheap cotton goods for world trade is because quotas have been set against her. The only reason she is not selling us a very large proportion of the electric-light bulbs we use is because our own manufacturers are protected by a tariff wall. The cost of the raw materials used in manufacturing a light bulb is infinitesimal. The labor cost in Japan is less than a tenth of what it is in America. That is the kind of competition we face in all kinds of manufactured articles from soap to automobile tires.

WITH the exception of a few highly specialized products, such as machine tools, there is nothing the American manufacturer produces that the Japanese do not also make—and at a cheaper price. The industrial machine of Japan is now able to compete with any in the world, and it is only a fraction of the size it will be in the future—perhaps the very near future. They have built it up with raw materials imported from great distances, and thereby they have built up one of the largest and finest merchant marine fleets in the world. This fleet, too, is manned by cheap labor. On a strictly competitive basis, Japanese ships could drive all others from the Seven Seas.

And in their new empire the Japanese will have at their disposal hundreds of millions of cheap rice-fed laborers who can double and triple and quadruple the present output of the cheap rice-fed laborers of Japan.

The flood of cheap goods will make the Japanese production of the past few years appear like a trickle. It has already begun in the parts of China which are under complete Japanese control. American department stores are full of articles of all kinds which are marked "Made in China" but are produced in Japanese factories employing Chinese labor at wages even lower than those paid in Japan. We may as well face the fact that if the Japanese plans succeed, more than half the trained workmen in the world will be living on a wage less than one fifth of that paid to American workmen. It is with labor like this that the Japanese manufacturer will compete for the trade of the world. His merchandising policy is simple: Copy the product and make it cheaper.

This is the competition America will face, and it will fall on the workman as well as the manufacturer. It will no longer be confined to cotton cloth, rubber shoes, glassware, and Christmas decorations. The Japanese make many things—motorcar tires, for example. Maybe they are not so good as the tires we produce, but they are infinitely cheaper. They will undoubtedly run more miles per dollar than American tires. With control of the rubber-producing areas of Asia, the Japanese can make the tires cheaper still. This is only one item out of thousands.

While the American manufacturer is facing this new and fiercer competition, he will have to buy from Japan some of the most essential raw materials.

Rubber is one of them. Tin is another, for all the tin in the world comes from southeastern Asia except that produced in Bolivia. We shall have to buy from Japan the wood oil on which the paint and varnish manufacturers depend, and the copra from which most soap is made.

ACCORDING to the old system of trade—the American way of doing business—it wouldn't make any difference to us what flag flew over the countries from which we bought these supplies. But wherever the Japanese are in power they have changed the rules by which foreign trade is conducted. The Japanese army believes in state-controlled monopolies which can be used as political weapons to weaken other countries. The Japanese have already tried out their system in the parts of China where their control of exports is complete. Three years ago there were a number of Americans in Tientsin buying furs and wool for export to America, others in Tsingtao buying peanuts, still others in Shanghai who exported frozen eggs and dried-egg products. These men have gone home. One of the first things the Japanese did when they came into control was to organize monopolies for all such exporting. If an American manufacturer wants any furs from North China, he has to buy them from the monopoly. None are for sale until the needs of the Japanese manufacturers are satisfied, and then only at a price fixed by the monopoly.

For the past two years American rug manufacturers' buyers, who formerly bought almost all of it, have been unable to buy any of the coarse wool produced in North China, because the entire supply has been sold to Germany under a state-controlled barter arrangement. And this sort of thing is no temporary wartime expedient. It is one of those policies which the Japanese like to talk about as being fundamental.

Altogether, we face a deadly economic war in which armed preparedness against invasion would offer no defense. Assuming that Japan comes into possession of this vast empire, competitors will be completely at her mercy.

If any one thinks that Japan, having all this power, would not use it to the utmost, he may as well return to his belief in Santa Claus. The Japanese sincerely believe that they are destined to rule the world.

THE END

you Sabotaged my Heart

He turned. Toby saw there was a gun in his hand.

A tense tale of a dark masquerade and a spy-hunt blitzkrieged by love

BY STEVE FISHER

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IT was on the night that the United States battle fleet arrived unexpectedly in Honolulu harbor that the incident occurred. The person it involved was Toby Taylor.

Toby had all the freshness and verve of an elegant young show girl. She was a Yankee, pure bred, of Norse descent; yet, contrarily, her face was molded along the passionate, tempestuous lines of a Latin—the full, crimsoned, darkened lips with their sultry curve of beauty; large, sober green eyes; and a saucy nose. She was small, her body possessed of an ineffable sensuous charm: breasts pressed roundly against an organdy blouse, shapely hips tight against a white linen skirt.

Yet Toby was nearly broke, and in tourist-packed Honolulu she was reduced to living in a shabby little room in Hell's Half Acre.

It was just after eight o'clock, and Toby came through this fetid deserted alley carrying, domestically enough, a pint of milk and half a pound of butter. She reached the corner and rounded it. Then she stopped dead in her tracks.

She gasped . . . then stared, petrified. In the shadow before her she saw a prone figure, sprawled out, motionless. Bending over it was another man. He turned at once, and Toby saw that there was a gun in his hand. Toby, choking with terror, started to run.

"Wait a minute!"

Every muscle in her body turned to stone. The figure with the gun strode toward her. She saw him more clearly now in the light of the doorway. Her first terrible thought was: He's handsome as the devil! He had on blue trousers, navy tailored, and a leather flying jacket. He wore a white-topped officer's cap on which there was a gold emblem. He was a big man, square-shouldered, and his face was young and deeply tanned. She saw that his hair was jet-black and his eyes were dark.

He stood directly opposite her, holding the gun waist-high. She nodded dumbly. "I hate to kill a woman, but you'd identify me," he said, "if I were brought in for questioning. You'd point me out—" He lifted the gun.

"But — but I *wouldn't.*" *(Why doesn't some one come along?)* "Murder is — well, what's a murder?"

"What did you say?" he marveled.

"I said, what's a murder? Murder is nothing." She scarcely knew what she said.

"Do you really think murder is nothing?" He sounded incredulous.

"Well, not exactly. You see, I—" She began to cry.

"It's no use," he said.

"I could hide you." It was a last desperate straw. "People'll probably be looking for you—"

His voice changed. "Hide me—*where?*"

"In—in my room," she said breathlessly. "No one ever comes up there." She was brushing away tears. "You'd be safe." *Humor him. This is your life!*

She heard him saying: "Lead the way. But no funny business—understand? I'll be right behind you."

SHE climbed the four flights of creaking wooden stairs, and he followed. She was terrified. She wondered what had possessed her to offer him refuge. What a complete frightened fool she'd been!

They walked down the long balcony and she unlocked the door of her room. She snapped on the light and he followed her inside. She closed the door.

"Bolt it," he said.

He put the gun away and looked around. The room was spotlessly clean. A small day bed was pushed against one wall, and, taking the place of chairs, there was a little couch with bulging springs against the opposite wall. On one end of the battered couch were a portable phonograph and a pile of records. Neatly concealed behind a clean white screen there was a gas plate, a cup of sugar, a small coffeepot, and half a jar of noodles.

Toby stood near the door watching him suspiciously. *Perhaps he'll kill me now.* He sat down on the couch. It sank dangerously under his weight.

"Sit down," he said. "I'm not going to hurt you."

She moved woodenly to the day bed and sat on the edge of it.

"I may as well tell you my name. I suppose they'll suspect me—and it'll be in the papers anyway."

She only nodded. Her teeth chattered.

"Jeff Jackson," he said. "Ever hear that name?"

"No."

He shook his head. "You haven't traveled. There was a former commander in chief of the United States fleet named Jackson. He's retired." He paused.

"You—you are his son?"

"Yep — decaying with tradition; lousy with heritage—lad with a future—" He shrugged. "All washed up now. *Bing* goes a gun—and goodby career, perhaps even your life."

"But why—why did you do it?"

He looked away. "I—I'd rather not talk about it."

"You say you'll be suspected?"

He nodded. "But without witnesses there's no proof; and if they don't find me—"

"But how can you get away?" demanded Toby. "The island's *small*—you wouldn't have a chance!"

"Maybe not. I hadn't even considered escape—not until you said you could hide me."

"You're a flyer?"

"That's right. My ship came in this morning. Three days from now the whole fleet sails." He added grimly: "For the Far East." His voice rose. "These things meant so much—" He subsided. "You're very nice. Do you mind if we talk? I'm nervous and it's better when we talk. What are you doing in Hawaii?"

For a moment she made no reply.

"I'm Toby Taylor. I came over with a show—" She spoke jerkily, as though she were out of breath. "Fell in love with Hawaii—the way people do. I was offered a job at Waikiki—singing. The show went back and I stayed. The singing job lasted only two weeks."

"What happened then?"

"I wanted to stay. I tried to get on somewhere else—" She did not know why she was talking to him. "I wasted my time and spent my money. Didn't have carfare home."

"Got stuck here?"

She nodded. "I keep looking for jobs. But I have to be careful. I signed up with one place, an agency on Beretania—" She stopped suddenly.

"Go on," he said.

"No," she said. She smiled nervously. "It was just that I—I nearly got in a jam." She paused. "So I've had no job since that one at Waikiki."

"You're broke now?"

She nodded, her face flushed. "What else do you want to know? You see, I—I don't know the form one follows when one entertains a—a—"

"A murderer."

She shuddered.

He laughed. "You needn't be afraid of me. Only—I guess I *will* have to stay in this room tonight. You see that, don't you? I'm safe here, and—and it'll be all right. Really! We'll have sort of a—a—"

"Walls of Jericho?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it! A dividing line across the room. We'll—let's see—we'll call it the equator." He grinned. "That's also an imaginary line. I'll stay on my side and you mustn't be frightened. I had a word of honor. Maybe it's rusty—I'll polish it up." He paused. "You're very good to me. You're sweet to remain so calm."

The moment you're asleep I'll get the gun, she thought. *You'll see how calm I am then!*

THEY talked for a long while. He asked more about the employment agencies; about her life in the States. But she was under a strain, and at last he stretched out on the couch. The broken springs pronged into his body and he sat up again, his back cushioned against the wall.

Toby went into the bathroom and closed the door. When she came out she was garbed in pajamas and wore over them a blue coolie coat. She climbed into the day bed, still wearing the coolie coat, and pulled the sheet over her. Propped at an angle against his cushion, he saluted. *If she thinks I'm going to sleep, she's crazy!*

Only a small lamp glowed now and she turned it off.

He sat there awake, and because Toby tossed and turned he knew that for a long time, long after midnight, she did not sleep. *What curious game did this creature imagine she was playing? Was she afraid he might murder her in her sleep?* What strange thoughts must have tormented her! Did she hope to trap him? Her preparation for bed had been entirely too casual. His heart laughed with joy. Child, to suppose

He sat down on the floor and played solitaire. Two hours passed. . . . Suddenly the door opened and she stood there.

ILLUSTRATOR CHARLES LA G

he could trick him! *Not tonight, oby! You won't catch me napping!*
She woke with a start, as though he hadn't meant to sleep at all.

"HAVEN'T you slept?"
"No," he said.
She carefully wrapped the coolie coat around her and went into the bathroom to dress. It was almost thirty minutes before she came out. She wore white silk slacks. Her blonde hair was very curly.
"Do you want breakfast?"
"Is it included?"
She laughed. She didn't seem so afraid of him now. "I suppose all Honolulu is looking for you by this time. You seem tired. Why don't you freshen up?"
It occurred to him that while he was washing she could make a break for the door. Yet he got up. He was incredibly weary and his head ached.

In the bathroom he found a razor. He tried the blade—it was dull. He stood still and listened. He heard her fussing around the gas plate. He smiled, proud somehow, and happy. Briskly he lathered soap into his skin. . . . At that moment he was startled by a pounding on the front door. He heard a harsh Kanaka voice:

"Open up—it's the police!"

Toby's heart leaped. She turned the flame off under the boiling eggs. She glanced toward the bathroom door. It swung slowly open. Jeff was inside but she could not see him. *How clever he is! A closed door would arouse suspicion!* There was a pounding again on the front door. She moved toward it. *This is the chance I wanted. I'm safe.* She opened the door. Two huge Kanaka policemen stood there.

"We're around—checking up. You see anyt'ing of this man?" He read a detailed description of Jeff: "Lieutenant Jackson, attached to the U. S. S. ———, wanted on suspicion of murder."

She shook her head. *You fool! You little fool!* "No, I haven't seen any one like that."

"We come in—look around maybe."

"I—a—" *Don't arouse suspicion!* "Why, of course!"

Only one of the officers entered. The other went on down the balcony. The Kanaka glanced around. He moved toward the bathroom. Toby's whole body shook. The Kanaka gazed in—she held her breath—then, satisfied, he turned around and left the room. The door closed.

Toby stood there rigidly. The bathroom door swung fully open and Jeff came out very quietly.

WHY did you do it?" he whispered. She looked up at him. *What can I say? I have no answer!*

"I didn't want *you* to get in trouble!" He was miserable. "I'll have to clear out of here!" He was wiping lather off his face.

"But you wouldn't have a chance!"

"I know, but there's no sense dragging *two* of us into—"

"It was my own decision," she said. She was embarrassed; she didn't know how to explain it. "Perhaps it was because—oh, don't ask me to explain! I just—couldn't bear to turn you over to the police!"

His voice was softly tender. "You're sweet. You'll blitzkrieg my heart if you're not careful! Toby—"

She backed away. "The eggs are getting cold," she said. "You wouldn't want them cold, would you?" Then: "Look out, Jeff! Don't cross the equator!"

He dropped his hands. "How can I tell you how grateful I am?"

She was busy with the breakfast and didn't answer. In a few moments they were eating. There was just one egg each. And he remembered that she was broke.

"What awful luck!" he said. "I came ashore with only a few cents in my pocket."

"Well, we can have noodles for supper," she said. "But about tomorrow I don't know." She paused. "Jeff, you said you had a word of honor. Promise me you won't leave the room. If you did, they'd get you right away!"

They argued the point. But the logic was all with Toby, and at last he gave her his solemn promise.

THEY sat on the floor and played Russian bank, he on his side of the room, she on hers. That night for supper they finished the rest of the noodles.

"I'm going out for a little while, Jeff," she said. "Do you trust me to go out? I have a girl friend. I think I can get money enough for some groceries."

"Don't do that!"

"We have to eat, don't we?"

"You make me feel so damn helpless!" he said.

When she was gone he got up and washed and shaved. Then he sat down on the floor and played solitaire. Two hours passed. *What's keeping her?*

Jeff rose and walked the room anxiously.

Two more hours passed.

He was nearly crazy. His restless feet had worn the straw mat almost to splinters.

Then suddenly the door opened and she stood there. She was laden down with packages—a bottle of milk, a bag of eggs, a package of pancake flour. She laughed.

"Well, don't stand there, idiot! Help me before I drop something!"

He relieved her of the groceries, laughing because he was so happy.

"I just got enough for breakfast," she said. "I'll go out tomorrow for the rest. We're rich, Jeff." She lifted three dollars from her pocket and flung it on the table.

He looked down, smiling—then his face tightened. He reached among the bills and picked up three tickets. Marked on each was: *10¢—good for one dance.* He brought his head up, his cheeks splotchy red.

"So there was no friend?" Anger caught in his throat and he rushed on. "You did *this*—let any cheap tramp in Honolulu that had a dime hold you in his arms—dance with you! You never had to do it for your own needs, but—but because you thought *I* was hungry—"

"Jeff, we have to have food! This'll last us—"

"To hell with that! What are you trying to do to *me?* Do you want me to *crawl?*"

"I didn't think you'd—"

"You didn't think I'd know. Then you should have gotten rid of the tickets!"

He slammed on his cap, picked up his jacket, and started for the door. She threw herself against it.

"Jeff! Please! You must listen. It was because I wanted you to stay. And if there wasn't enough to eat you'd have gone out to get food and —and you'd have been arrested and—"

"It would be no worse than this!"

"Wouldn't it?" She was angry now. "You came here—out of nowhere. You didn't ask who I was. You wanted to hide. I was silly enough to want to help you. But—evidently you think I'm cheap. You think—"

"Toby, I don't!" He looked at her white face. Suddenly, impulsively, he tried to kiss her.

"Please!"

She edged away, her back to him. "It's all right. You can go. I don't blame you." Now she faced him. "Only—if you stayed, tomorrow we could work out some way for you to escape, and— *Don't you see?*"

He nodded. It was no use fighting with her. But his cheeks stung with shame and he suddenly knew there were many things he had to tell her.

He took off his cap. His arms felt limp.

"I'm glad you're going to be sensible," she said.

He sat down on the couch and lit a cigarette. He looked at the floor, and in a low voice he asked her questions about the agency on Beretania. She answered them simply, freely. He meant to go on, to say the things he had to say; and yet, tonight, he could not.

For two days he had not slept and he was thoroughly exhausted. His cigarette burned in an ash tray. When he woke it was morning.

SHE was all dressed, ready to go out. "It's ten o'clock. You must have been very tired. I'm going out for groceries. We'll have a big meal instead of just breakfast."

He nodded sleepily. He wanted to say something but he could not think of what it was. When she was gone he got up and washed. He came out of the bathroom rubbing the towel behind his ears.

There was a knock at the door.

Jeff stood very still. Then he saw a face at the window and, slinging the towel over his shoulder, moved quickly to the door and opened it.

"Come in, commander!"

An officer wearing lieutenant commander bars on the shoulder straps of his white uniform entered, glanced about.

"I've come for a report."

"Well, I can give you one, sir. But, believe me, from now on I remain on the air force!"

"You don't like Naval Intelligence work?" the commander asked.

"Hardly! I didn't imagine it'd be like this—or I wouldn't have volunteered even for *temporary* duty. Not if I'd known you were going to assign me to investigate the activities of a girl."

"We were short of men and—"

"I know, commander," Jeff said. "And I thought it was a swell scheme. You said she was a spy. Our plan was simple enough—you pretending to be dead there in the alley, I standing over you with a gun—just as though I'd committed a murder—and letting

the girl find me that way. I demanded that she hide me, just as you said I should."

The commander nodded. "And I hope it's done some good. The theory was that if she believed you to be a fugitive she'd feel safe to confide in you the work she was doing as a spy. Moreover, since you were an officer and naturally in possession of important information, I assumed that she'd try to use you in this capacity. You were to meet her associates and find out everything you possibly could about the spy ring. I hope you've done that."

"I've met nobody," Jeff said. He added: "That touch of yours—having the Kanaka police come here to search for me—was good, although I don't think it was necessary."

"Then she was convinced you were a murderer?"

"Quite. And this much I know. She *did* go to that foreign agency on Beretania. She was registered there—"

HER arms loaded with groceries, Toby climbed the long flights of creaking wooden stairs. The future was horribly uncertain, and yet she was happy. She moved along the balcony — and then suddenly she stopped. She heard men's voices. *The police!* She had an impulse to rush into the room. Instead she stood motionless and listened.

For a moment she was unable to believe anything she heard. *Jeff wasn't a murderer!* It had been a trick. She stood there—helplessly—the groceries heavy in her arms.

"—she did go to that foreign agency on Beretania—"

Numbly she moved to the balcony rail, then violently she pitched the groceries over. She was sick with soundless laughter as she walked down the stairs. She did not know where she was going—nor care. . . .

At last the commander was gone. Jeff sat alone. An hour had passed and Toby hadn't returned. Jeff became a little panicky. What if she *had* come back? If—

He rushed out of the room and looked up and down the wooden corridor. Then on the balcony rail he saw a packet—one cube—of squishy melting butter. He grasped the shaky rail and stared at the alley below. He saw a litter of foodstuffs splashed in a jagged circle like a busted sandbag. He ached with dismay.

He reached the alley below and navigated toward Hotel Street. He moved past the Oahu railroad station and over the King Street bridge. Shops — bazaars, gaudy tapestries hanging in windows. He walked steadily.

Where had she gone? . . .

A clock chimed six, and Jeff turned in at the police station, plodded down an uncarpeted hall to the temporary headquarters of the Naval Intelligence. The commander raised his eyes.

"Commander, she's gone. Gone! It's necessary we find her, sir!"

At seven o'clock a police bulletin went out: "*Locate and pick up Miss Toby Taylor. Age 20. Ht. 5 ft. 1½ in., blonde hair, green eyes. Facial characteristics: Latin type. Skin light. Last seen wearing white slacks, yacht cap, blue sandals. Urgent. Wanted by the navy.*"

But nothing came of it, and two hours later there was an interruption on the Honolulu radio broadcast.

"Attention: Men of the U. S. fleet. Be on the lookout for a young woman of the following description—"

"If that doesn't do it, nothing will," the commander said. "There's thousands and thousands of sailors in

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

	P.M.		P.M.
Baltimore . . .	WBAL 9:00 E.S.T.	Los Angeles . .	KHJ 7:30 P.S.T
Boston	WAAB 9:00 E.D.T.	Minneapolis	KSTP 9:15 C.S.T.
Buffalo . . .	WGR 10:00 E.D.T.	New York . .	WOR 9:00 E.D.T.
Chicago . . .	WGN 8:00 C.D.T.	Philadelphia	WFIL 9:00 E.D.T
Cleveland . .	WHK 8:00 E.S.T.	San Diego . .	KGB 7:30 P.S.T
Detroit . .	WXYZ 8:00 E.S.T.	San Francisco	KFRC 7:30 P.S.T.
	St. Louis . .	KWK 7:00 C.S.T.	

town tonight. One of them ought to see her!"

Thousands of sailors. White uniforms on every street. In bars and taverns, on the beach, in the dance halls, in barbershops. But liberty expired at midnight. By 1 A. M. the streets were clear, except for the shore patrol.

They had not found Toby.

At two o'clock in the morning Jeff returned to Hell's Half Acre. The room was empty. He looked at the four walls and he wanted to say goodby. But it was no good. He left very quietly. . . .

A morning sun shone bright and hot in the sky, and here in Pearl Harbor it was very near the zero hour.

In the cement hangar at Ford Island masses of seaplanes lay waiting, uniformed sailors tinkering over them. Jeff came in, his face pale, and went to his locker. He dug out his helmet, goggles, and leather flying jacket. But for a moment he stood very still. A bugle was sounding Officers' Call. The whistle of a cruiser shrieked from the harbor. Submarines began to sound off, announcing their intention to move. The clank of weighing anchor chains echoed from larger ships.

Suddenly Jeff looked up at the door of the hangar. Toby—fighting furiously—was being dragged in. She was flanked by two of the shore patrol. Jeff stared at her, his heart thumping. The senior patrol saluted.

"We found her in a drugstore, eating breakfast. Commander Lane said we should bring her here."

"All right," Jeff said. "You can—let her go."

They released her. She stared up at him, her face flushed, her eyes furious. He asked: "Where were you last night?"

"I went to the Y. W. C. A. I slept. Do you mind?"

"No; I—"

"I can tell you about that agency on Beretania," she said. The words came in a rush. "You won't believe me. That's why I haven't gone to the police. I was afraid if any one knew about it I'd get in a jam. But the truth is that they advertised for entertainers. It was a blind, of course! But I went there looking for a *legitimate* job. That's how they got my name on the list that made the Naval Intelligence imagine I was a—a spy!"

"I know all that, Toby."

"You—you know it?"

He nodded. "If you'd waited there at the door when you were listening, you'd have heard me say you were innocent. I must have said it a dozen times. But you were gone by then. Oh, Toby, how could I think anything else after the dance tickets and—"

"I—I'm not wanted?" she said.

"Not even for questioning."

"Then why did you—have me brought here?"

"I wanted to apologize," he said.

She echoed the word.

"For tricking you," he said. "For pretending I was some one I wasn't."

SHE was looking up at him. Now she glanced at her nails. She was trembling. "It's all right, Jeff. You needn't have bothered. I understand that it was your job, and—and I was—"

"I love you," he said.

She stared at him, her eyes searching his. "Don't fool me, Jeff! Don't say it! I couldn't stand any more—"

"But I *do* love you! Listen. You've sabotaged my heart!"

"Have I?" she said. "Have I?"

"Will you marry me, Toby?"

"But—"

"There's still time," he said. "Our flight goes out last. I'll get a chaplain. I'll give you money and you can get us a place at Waikiki—with lots of groceries and—and no damned equator! Say you'll marry me, Toby!"

She was trying to say it. He took her in his arms and kissed her. He kissed her on the mouth, and her lips were hot. She clung to him. She was crying. In the harbor, ships were going by in single-file formation.

THE END

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

Murder on the diamond

Should bean-ball pitchers be barred? One famous victim speaks his mind

ON June 18, a few days after I had been traded from the Cardinals to the Dodgers, I was knocked flat by Bob Bowman of the Cards at Ebbets Field and sent to the hospital—just another "bean-ball" victim!

Lying on my hospital bed there, I couldn't help but think, as I read the hundreds of sympathetic wires and letters from my new friends and rooters in Brooklyn, that this was the major problem faced by the baseball people this year. Ballplayers consider the problem of being "beaned" their own affair and feel capable of taking care of themselves. I thought that way too. I still do.

The fans, however, take accidents to their local players far more seriously. And because of the insight I got into the feelings of the Dodger fans, because of some of the things they wrote me and the way they took my accident to heart, I began to look at the subject in a new light. Now I'm convinced bean-ball pitching has no place in baseball. Something has to be done about it.

In my book the answer to the vicious practice—and it's vicious almost as often as it is accidental—is to bar bean-ball pitchers from baseball! Get rid of them for a certain period of time each season by suspending them when they are adjudged guilty of throwing a bean ball deliberately. If they are constant offenders, get rid of them for good.

To understand my ideas on the subject I'd like to have you go back and review a bit of the history of the bean ball. The first notable case—and most tragic—occurred in 1920, when Ray Chapman, a shortstop of the Cleveland Indians, was knocked unconscious—and later died—by a bean ball thrown by pitcher Carl Mays of the Yankees. The incident caused quite a sensation but nothing was done to prevent a recurrence of it.

I haven't the slightest idea how many players have been beaned at the plate. The total must run into large numbers. But I do know baseball has been unnaturally lucky in escaping another fatal accident. Just look at the list of players who have been skulled, in one way or another, in recent years. Among them have been Joe Gordon, Mickey Cochrane, Frank McCormick, Al Simmons, Ival Goodman, Cecil Travis, Ossie Bluege, Stan Hack, Hank Leiber, Morrie Arnovich, Frank Pytlak, Max West, Pee Wee Reese, Bill Jurges, and Hugh Casey.

Cochrane, the idol and manager of Detroit and one of the great catchers of all time, was felled by Bump Hadley one afternoon a few years ago at the Yankee Stadium. It looked very bad for Mickey for a long while but he finally recovered. He did not recover enough, however, to continue in the game, and despite any other stories, you can bet that beaning ended his baseball career.

Hank Leiber, a former Giant, was beaned by Bob Feller during an exhibition game in the South. Hank also seemed to recover, but shortly after the '37 season opened, his hitting fell off and he complained of pains in the head. He wasn't fully recovered and was lost to the team for almost the entire season.

This year among those beaned were Pee Wee Reese, Bill Jurges of the Giants, and my teammate, Hugh Casey.

Now, not all the men listed above were hit accidentally. I understand the odds against a batter being hit are about 2,000 to one. That and the fact that I don't care about helmets or any other kind of protec-

Medwick out after being hit last June. In insert: Terry Moore of the Cards tries on one of the suggested helmets.

tion, have nothing to do with the subject. Any menace to the game should be removed. I think bean-ball pitchers who like to show off by "dusting you off" are such a menace.

I think a deliberate "bean baller" is a coward. He has nothing to lose—his rival and rival's team have everything to lose. As far back as I can remember, "dust off" pitching started as a means of unnerving a player. Often a veteran pitcher could frighten a rookie so badly he would crack up and never become much of a hitter.

In addition, you must remember that a batter bears the brunt of the burden in his war with the beaners in other ways. It may be a tight game, the winning run may be on base, or it may be near the end of the season with his team fighting for the pennant. In such emergencies a player must be extra careful not to be hit. He must be willing to hit the dirt often.

Also consider the added problem in Cleveland, Wriglev Field, Chicago, and the Yankee Stadium, where fans in the center-field bleachers make the ball so hard to follow. In such parks it's a miracle more players aren't hit.

I believe most beanings are unavoidable accidents. But, I repeat, not as many "slips" occur as they'd have you believe. There are at least six bean-ball pitchers, who deliberately fire at a batter's head, in the National League right now! I can't name these men, of course—but I know them and they are known by players throughout the league.

If you agree that such pitchers have an advantage over the batters, I think you'll go along with me on another point. Is baseball supposed to be a sport or a wrestling match? Is the best team supposed to win in clean, sportsmanlike fashion or supposed to be the one which can break the most bones? That's why I think something should be done about beaning right now.

There have been many suggestions by the more intelligent minds in the sport. In the order in which they've ranked recently the solutions to stop the epidemic of beaning have been: (1) By providing helmets for the players who wish to use them. (2) By giving a batter who is hit a two-base hit. (3) By giving him a home run. (4) By putting the players on honor not to take part in any dust-off or bean-ball pitching.

The question of helmets advocated by the National League president, Mr. Ford Frick, brought forth many opinions. Frick pointed out that the International League has experimented with helmets and found them satisfactory. The majority of the National League agreed helmets might be a good idea but voted to leave the matter up to the players themselves.

Each team will be equipped with a dozen or so by next season. The players can wear them or ignore them—as they please. The American League voted a similar plan.

I can say, after listening to many discussions on the matter, that two thirds of the players will not wear them. Several managers are of the opinion that the helmet would induce pitchers to be more careless and to throw the ball at batters' heads.

Some players are willing to give them a trial. Personally, I, despite being beaned, think I can take care of myself and don't want to use one. I think they make a batter careless, and without one, having to be on your toes, you can become a better and more alert hitter.

With the increase in night games and the different forms of electric-light set-ups around the country, the bean-ball problem is going to become even greater. Helmets will probably be given their first real trial in night games next year.

As to the suggestions about awarding a beaned batsman two bases or a homer—I don't think much of them. The idea, of course, is to make the pitchers more careful. No pitcher wants an extra base hit charged against him—particularly with men on base. But I fail to see how the batter would receive any great benefit from this.

As for that honor-code idea. This was suggested, I believe, by Clark Griffith, head of the Washington Senators. It sounds fine—but it is supposed to be in force in the American League today. Yet players are still being hit in the head. The real solution has to come from the leagues themselves and has to be severe. Here's a few more reasons why:

Club owners have a fortune tied up in their teams. The players are their property and definite business risks. If they are hurt or put out of action for the season, the entire value of the organization suffers.

And there's one other very serious possibility. It's unlikely—I admit—but it's still very possible. Knowing the character of some bean-ball pitchers, I wouldn't put anything past them. That possibility is this:

Suppose two teams, bitter rivals, come into the last month of the season, one of them hopelessly out of the pennant race and the other fighting for first place, with a good chance at the pennant. What is to prevent a bean-ball pitcher on the second-division team from dusting off his rivals repeatedly and possibly hitting and maiming some of them? The loss of a single key man at such a crucial point in the season would decide the race.

THAT'S why I say the leagues should make things hot for this type of pitcher. There is no place for him in baseball and no excuse.

I think the suspension idea would cure them. It could be left up to the plate umpire. The critics will bellow, "How can an umpire tell whether a beaning was deliberate?" My answer is: Football officials have the power to impose severe penalties on teams for intentional roughness and intentional fouls of every kind. And you can count the number of protested football games, following such decisions, on the fingers of one hand.

I do not propose that every time a pitcher hits a batter he should be penalized. But I claim a pitcher who hits a batter, after repeatedly dusting him off, would change his habits if suspended for a week or month.

He would be no good to his team on the bench, and the fewer games he worked, the less he could demand on his next contract. The umpires would be fair judges and there could be no disputing their decisions. If this idea could be tried for one season, I'm sure you'd be amazed at the improved control of some of our most consistent offenders.

THE END

By JOE MEDWICK as told to JACK MAHON

unexpected Uncle

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

SETON MANSLEY, bronzed and well groomed, with a full round stomach, looks rich and important. Actually, in the sixty years of his life, all he has accumulated are a convertible and a trailer and a large store of worldly wisdom.

The trailer is parked at a motor camp in Palm Beach on the January day he meets Kathleen Brown. Kathleen is a salesgirl in the Palm Beach branch of a New York department store and is crying because she has lost her job. Mansley, pretending to Clayton, the manager, that he is a director, has her reinstated. Later he tells her the truth about himself, but Kathleen admires him more than ever for putting over such a colossal bluff.

Johnson (Johnsy) Hamilton, wealthy young owner of the Hamilton shoe factories, who came into the store drunk and made advances to Kathleen, is responsible for her dismissal. Hamilton returns to apologize and meets Mansley, whom he assumes to be Kathleen's uncle. After taking Kathleen to lunch, he asks her to have dinner with him and tells her that, if she likes, she can bring her uncle along. She goes to the trailer camp to pass the invitation on to Mansley and, although he warns her that no

good can come of her association with a rich playboy like Hamilton, he agrees to go. He can never resist a party.

PART TWO—KATHLEEN STEPS OUT

JOHNSY HAMILTON was being what his sister called difficult. Anybody not related to him would have called it something far more unpleasant. He was, in fact, being perfectly awful. It was nine o'clock. He was sitting on the huge afterdeck of the Python. He was wearing his sister's new pajamas—the silk ones with poinsettias and palm trees on them that Kathleen had delivered to him in the shop—and he was tight as a mink. He was so tight that he had even given up weaving and was just sitting, staring along the gleaming deck toward the lighted gangway and beyond it to the lights of the traffic cutting its way through the night along the shore road of West Palm Beach. What made it worse, and the part that really bothered Sarah Hamilton, was that he was acting in a way she had never seen him act before.

Usually he filled up on champagne and went wild, gay wild. This time he had filled up on champagne and was behaving far more soberly than she had ever seen him behave when she knew he was sober. But his talk rambled. The business about wearing her pajamas, for instance. He explained to her over and over, in what sounded to her like double talk, that the reason he wanted to wear them was that they were responsible for the sunrise. She asked him again and he told her they had filled his life with moonglow. She hadn't liked it. She'd asked him once more, and he told her he was wearing them because where she probably thought they were made of silk, actually they were made of gossamer and dreams and cobwebs lifted from new grass under June starlight. At this point Sarah Hamilton said, "The hell with the pajamas! Will you please put on your dinner clothes!"

She hissed it bitterly. She didn't like Johnsy Hamilton much. Sarah was socially ambitious. She wanted a Whitney or a Vanderbilt, but would settle for a loose Astor or even a Hargreave. At the moment she was well on the way toward achieving Tommy Hargreave, last of a long line—too long, some thought after they got to know Tommy. He looked all right, but rumor was strong that he'd been assembled during a strike and that some of the top hamper had been left out. It was typical of Sarah Hamilton, too, that though her social position was strong now where once it had been feeble, this was true only because society people liked Johnsy's complete disregard for the little social customs and conventions they themselves swore by. He was good for a laugh most any time. Not so at the moment. He looked up at his sister and said, "I like it the way it is."

Sarah got a helpless feeling. The party that night was important to her. She had counted on Johnsy and he had turned into a vacuum so far as being a social asset went. She made one more effort. She had been demanding, now she cajoled.

"Johnsy," she said, putting her arm around him, "please, just tonight, be a good boy. You can't, you simply can't go to the Colony for dinner with Tommy and me and Tommy's mother and father and Carol West in my pajamas."

"She's not in your pajamas," said Johnsy. "I am." He laughed. "Who else?"

"That's all," said Sarah. "It's"—she laughed now, self-consciously—"it's just family, really."

"Whose family?"

Sarah bridled.

"Well, I mean, after all, Tommy and I and—and you and Carol."

"Me and Kathleen," said Johnsy.

Sarah stepped away and looked down at him.

"Johnsy, you're rambling. Please don't drink anything more and please don't say things just to confuse me."

"I'm not," said Johnsy. "I said, me and Kathleen. Me and Kathleen and a guy with the mos' won'ful Good-Time Charlie face you ever saw in your whole life."

"Johnsy!"

BY ERIC HATCH

who wrote My Man Godfrey, The Girl Next Door, etc.

Fun!—Don't miss this lively, hilarious novel of love and gay adventure

"Never saw a face that could compete with it, except maybe the one the Earl of Berkshire has. He's her uncle."

Sarah pricked up her ears.

"The Earl of Berkshire?"

"Maybe," said Johnsy. "I dunno what his name is. He's the guy with the face. He's her uncle and she says he's terrific."

Sarah, disappointed, turned on the ice again.

"Who *is* Kathleen Brown?" she asked. "Let me see—Brown, Brown. Is she the Fred Browns? No, she wouldn't be. The Talbot-Browns?"

Johnsy Hamilton's mouth twitched in amusement. Sarah, who had any number of relatives she'd rather not have known about, always demanded pedigrees and generally acted as if he were planning to start a stud farm when he told her he'd asked some one new for dinner.

"John Brown," he said and waited until she said thoughtfully, "Oh, John

Mansley saw trouble ahead, but it pleased him to see how Kathleen had overcome the ice barrier Sarah had tried to erect.

Brown," and then he added, " 'S body lies a-moldering in the grave.' "

The result of this delighted him. His sister stamped off up the deck. He sat laughing and looking out over the lake for a few minutes and then, taking one quick nip of champagne, he went below to dress. He was thoroughly pleased with himself and it never entered his head that he had put Kathleen under the most appalling handicap.

He carefully removed the silk pajamas, folded them and put them under his mattress, where he didn't think his sister could find them. Then, feeling thoroughly satisfied with himself, he caroled his way to the shower.

AS Mansley, looking like one million dollars in a white linen dinner jacket with white satin facings, helped Kathleen into his convertible at the trailer camp, Herbert Clayton set out from his boardinghouse for his after-dinner cigar and self-torture. This took the form of a slow promenade that led him past the Patio, the Colony, Bradley's, the Royal Poinciana Hotel, and Whitehall. He covered, in fact, most of the places where the rich were at play. He was dependent for his living on their whims, and, like most people, he hated his benefactors. Herbert Clayton was the type who not only bites the hand that feeds it but, given the chance, will put salt and pepper and a shot of mustard on the bite.

On this evening he was so especially full of hate that he even hated himself a little — for having allowed himself to be humiliated that afternoon. He had since then thought of any number of crushing things he might have said to Mansley and to Johnsy Hamilton. Kathleen Brown, of course, wasn't even worthy of the effort involved in thinking them up. He was saying some of these things now aloud, and giving Mansley's and Johnsy's stricken answers to his crushers as he walked toward the long awning that led from the curb to the expensive entrance of the Colony restaurant. A limousine swept up to the awning, Sarah Hamilton got out of it and almost collided with him. He took off his hat.

" Oh, good evening, Miss Hamilton. Nice night, isn't it? "

He oiled the words as they came out. The doorman would be impressed at his knowing her. She gave him a glance, said, " Good evening," and went on into the restaurant. It wasn't a snub. She simply hadn't recognized him outside his store. The doorman grinned.

" Since you're waitin' to find out, *I'll* tell you. Yes, it is a nice night."

Clayton made a feeble attempt to cover his embarrassment.

" Charming girl, Sarah Hamilton. Charming," he said. " Funny, only this morning she told me she thought it would rain tonight."

" 'Stead of which you got an ice storm," said the doorman. " Look out. Here comes the blitzkrieg."

A Rolls-Bentley, low, black, clinging to the ground, roared around the corner of the avenue and slid up to the awning.

" Hi-ya, Mr. Hamilton! " said the doorman. " Big doin's tonight? "

Johnsy got out of the car and slapped the man on the back.

" If they're not big we'll make 'em big, eh, Jim? Park her gently, park her gently, she's a dainty thing."

He reached over and patted the car, grinned at the doorman, and went on in after his sister. Herbert Clayton bit clear through his cigar.

" Shoes! " he muttered. " Hamilton shoes. With little straps in the back for the Hamiltons to lift themselves up by." This bit of lyricism pleased him, so he went on: " And heavy soles for treading on the neck of labor."

Actually, in saying this, Clayton was cheating, because he didn't really consider himself labor at all. He thought of himself as a retail executive, one of the coming young men in clothing. He never said this aloud. He had once, to a salesgirl, and she'd said, " Yeah, sheep's clothing," and that had been the end of that.

He stood, now, watching Jim park the Rolls-Bentley and thought he might let the air out of the tires if he could do it without dirtying his hands. Then he stopped thinking about the tires as Seton Mansley's convertible, which, like his trailer, was bright and shiny with new paint, drove up and Kathleen Brown stepped out of it, looking as though that sidewalk had been built just to know the touch of her light foot.

BEHIND her came Mansley. He spoke a friendly word to Jim, who came running up full of sirs and salutes, then offered his arm to Kathleen and they marched, she taking long enthusiastic steps to keep up with his, into the restaurant. As they went inside Kathleen laughed at something he said. That laugh put the finishing touches on Clayton's hating spree. It goaded him to action. After a decent interval he, too, strode along under the awning.

Since afternoon Clayton had suffered from a growing suspicion that he had been sold a pup. He based this feeling on his observations of human nature. He had never yet met a really high-class executive, such as a director of a large corporation, who was human enough to go to the mat for a minor employee. He didn't believe they existed, and so it had occurred to him that there was a chance, a sporting chance, that Seton Mansley was a phony. He would first off ask the manager of the Colony for his name. He would then blow a dollar or two on a New York phone call. He would have walked with the light step of springtime had he known that any one who had ever started investigating Seton Mansley was in for a field day.

With most men it is possible for an investigator to find one or two things in the dim past that are a little off the norm. With Seton Mansley it was practically impossible to find out anything that wasn't off the norm. In fact, if any one had found out he was like all other men he would have been grossly insulted.

IN spite of the fact that she had never dined at a place like the Colony and had never dined with people who all owned their own tuxedos, Kathleen had no social trouble at all. Mansley had coached her. He had said, " Be natural. You don't have to worry about the men, and that'll confuse the women like the very devil. You work in Parkes'. So what. Hamilton works in a factory." Kathleen started being natural right off the bat.

The Hargreaves, Carol West, and the Hamiltons were sitting at a table close to the cocktail bar. As Mansley acknowledged the bows of captains and waiters and escorted Kathleen toward the table, the men rose. Johnsy said, " Miss Brown and her uncle; Sis, Miss West, Mr. and Mrs. Hargreave, shown with one of their get, name, Tommy. Hi, funny bunny."

Sarah Hamilton bowed stiffly. She also extended her left hand. Kathleen took it and gave it a hearty shake.

" Hello, Miss Hamilton," she said. " I'm sorry about your cook leaving. Is it worse on a yacht than in a house? "

As advertised, Sarah Hamilton was confused. She'd expected this young creature, gorgeous though she might look, to be awed by her. Obviously, she wasn't the least awed. It is doubtful if she even noticed the stiff rudeness of her bow, the wasted hauteur. Sarah murmured a confused answer while the others greeted Kathleen and then Mansley, who, though no one had even mentioned his name, seemed to expect every one to know all about him. He had a gift for managing to make people feel a little guilty for not knowing. Kathleen followed up her first natural remark with another. She turned to Johnsy and stuck out her chest so the little gold clover-leaf pin would stand out.

" See? " she said.

Johnsy and Seton Mansley knew about the pin. The others didn't and thought the gesture pleasant but unusual, until Kathleen said, " If it had been a big pin I would have had to send it back. Thank you ever so much for it, Johnsy. I think it's the nicest little gold clover-leaf pin I ever saw."

Their eyes met, clung. Johnsy said, " Thank *you* — for liking it," and Sarah's confusion became complete. Carol West smiled. She was only supposed to be in love with Johnsy, and said, " Miss Brown, you're the first breath of fresh air I've met in this orchid hothouse. Where've you been all winter? "

Kathleen smiled at her.

" Right here," she said. " I work at Parkes'. Don't you remember me? Why, I sold you some—some—*things* last week." She paused. Since she'd been doing all the talking so far,

there was a silence. She thought the silence needed filling, so she said, "Uncle Seton can pitch ringers blindfolded. Isn't that wonderful?"

Carol West reached out and touched Mansley's arm. Her eyes were full of mischief. Except for Johnsy, everybody at Palm Beach bored her stiff. This pair looked like fun.

"Will you show me, too—Uncle Seton? Nobody's told me the rest of your name."

Seton Mansley looked down at her out of the corner of his eye. Funny, he thought, Kathleen makes me feel like a father, yet this girl doesn't make me feel like a father at all. She doesn't look at me like a father. His mouth twitched. "M' dear," he said, "bring me a horse, rip its shoes off, and I'm your man! Any time. Day or night."

Sarah Hamilton was beginning to get the feeling that by some strange mental transfusion the champagne Johnsy had drunk before he got dressed had gone to her head instead of his. She stood up and said, "Do let's go out to the terrace for dinner now. I'm simply starving. Come, Tommy."

"Righto!" said Tommy and promptly tucked Kathleen's hand into the crook of his arm. "Y' know, Miss Brown, a lot of people say I'm not quite all there." He laughed. "But you won't take it as an insult, will you, if I say I think you're beautiful?"

KATHLEEN turned her dark eyes on him. She was having *such* a lovely time.

"Why," she said, "I'd take it as a very great compliment."

Seton Mansley hid a smile. He saw trouble ahead, but it pleased him so to see how, without making any effort at all, Kathleen had overcome the ice barrier Sarah Hamilton had tried to erect when she'd first come into the room. He offered his arm to Mrs. Hargreave, who was standing beside him and, looking at Kathleen said, "She's grand, isn't she!"

Mrs. Hargreave took his arm and they started toward the terrace where at a table on the edge of the dance floor Sarah was having a little trouble because she was trying to figure an arrangement whereby neither Johnsy nor Tommy Hargreave sat next to Kathleen. It was mathematically impossible, so she told every one just to sit anywhere, and of course Johnsy sat on one side of Kathleen and Tommy on the other. Sarah did a going-to-Jerusalem and grabbed the chair on the other side of Tommy.

Herbert Clayton would have got along fine with her now. They were beginning to have a great deal in common. As time passed and Tommy grew more and more attentive to Kathleen, the dislike for Browns and Mansleys which Sarah shared with Clayton began to grow into a first-class hate.

Johnsy, wearing his sister's pajamas, was so tight that his talk rambled.

Kathleen was oblivious to it. She was having a wonderful time. The only flaw in the whole evening was that as time passed something seemed to be happening to Johnsy. He wasn't being gay any more. She thought it might be because he was drinking a lot and maybe felt sort of sick. She couldn't know it was because Johnsy had seen in Tommy Hargreave's baby-blue eyes a look that should never be seen in any baby's eyes, and that it upset him, and that when Tommy danced with Kathleen the sight of his arm around her and of Kathleen laughing up at him gave Johnsy a squirmy feeling at the pit of his stomach.

Because of the way he felt when Tommy danced with her, Johnsy began to wonder if he was actually falling in love with her. He didn't want to fall in love with her. They'd had such fun playing together that afternoon. If he fell in love with her it wouldn't be fun any more; it would become a matter of life and death. It was Johnsy Hamilton's cross that anything he did he did with all of him. He played that way, drank that way, and he worked that way. When he'd inherited the factories, the company was tottering on its last legs. He hadn't wanted the factories. He hadn't wanted to be a business man. He'd thought he wanted to be an artist, or a poet, or maybe just a philosopher who sat around in front of fireplaces and told other people what they should think about while he drank their whisky.

But there had been the workmen, six thousand of them, and, like most workmen, they were prolific folk with vast families. They had stuck by Johnsy's father through good times and bad. He hadn't been able to bring himself to let them down. He'd junked every wheel of machinery in the old plants and started fresh. Now, with better times, there were twelve thousand workmen and, also because of the prosperity, they were more prolific than ever. A gallant gesture had turned into a form of slavery. Johnsy Hamilton was bound to them.

Johnsy Hamilton had twelve thousand bosses. The idea of adding one more boss, who would be the head boss of all, who would expect him to be a superman, was unthinkable; but if he let himself fall in love with Kathleen, that was how it would have to be. He knew that neither he nor she would settle for less. He assumed that of course she'd fall in love with him. It wasn't vanity; it was part of the spark that had been struck in both of them that day. He knew it was there, a hot spark and dangerous. It was the principal reason he was drinking hard tonight. He usually drank hard so he could play hard. Now, contrary to most men who drink because they can't get to first base with some special lady, Johnsy was drinking in the hope that it would make him not want to.

But all the champagne—he was taking it laced with brandy—did for him was throw a screen of golden gauze across his eyes so that the evening took on for him all the dream quality it already had for Kathleen. He was conscious of Kathleen and of the little hurt he felt when she danced with Tommy. He was dimly conscious of Mansley looming as a sort of benevolent Santa Claus, for the aura, of course, extended to him, he being Kathleen's uncle. Of the others he wasn't conscious at all. He was hardly aware of their gathering their wraps and thanking him and saying good night. They were going to Bradley's to gamble for an hour. But a little later he got back in focus and was clearly aware that somehow he'd persuaded Kathleen to stay on at the Colony and that he and she were sitting alone at the table now.

They had been sitting so in silence for some little time, he staring at

the orchestra, she smiling half in amusement, half in sympathy, at him. She thought Johnsy had been funny about not going to Bradley's. He had in fact held forth on the evils of gambling and, using strictly five-dollar words, had explained to his sister and Mansley and the Hargreaves and Carol West how he had appointed himself Kathleen's protector. It seems that there was nothing he would rather have done than stick with his party, but as a protector it was his duty to stay right here with Kathleen. That was why she was smiling. It hadn't fooled even her. The only person it had fooled was Johnsy. She reached out and put her hand over his.

"Johnsy," she said softly, "are you awful unhappy? I mean regularly—all the time?"

He nodded soberly and did a slow, circular weave. "Yes," he said.

"Is that why you drink so much?"

Johnsy whirled to face her. She was shocked by his expression. It was hard, steely hard. She could hardly believe it. She'd thought he was cockeyed and sleepy, the way the boys in Waterford got Saturday nights.

"Don't do it," he said. "Don't you get after me about that—don't ever—not you!" His voice was trembling and he was squeezing her hand so it almost really hurt. "You're different from any one I've ever known. You're like some crazy kind of dream that's happening to me. This afternoon—the beach—then seeing you in that dress—your eyes shining—that half-wit dancing with you, holding you in his arms—you've done something to me. Maybe it's something beautiful—like you. I think I'm nuts about you. But, I'm telling you, let me alone about that," he nodded his head toward the champagne bottle. "I don't *like* to drink—let me alone about it. Don't—spoil—*you* with getting after me about it."

KATHLEEN'S temper flared. She yanked her hand away, but before she spoke she realized that to make a man change so suddenly, to make him show such bitterness, there must be something pretty wrong with him; something that should make her sorry for him instead of angry. Besides, he *had* said he was nuts about her. She looked into his eyes.

"You've no right to talk to me like that," she said. "It's only I like you so much. *You* ought to know that."

She could see the hardness going out of him. While she watched she could see his eyes soften and grow sad the way they usually were. They pulled at her heart. His face twisted in a sheepish smile.

"Forgive me," he said. "I'm ashamed. Forget what I said."

She pressed his hand, then released it.

"Must I forget all of it?"

He sighed and looked away at the palm trees. She thought she saw him blinking but she wasn't sure.

"Not ever," he said.

She nodded as though he'd propounded a problem and she knew the answer. Then she smiled back at him. "This is the nicest party I've ever been to," she said.

THE outbreak of emotion cleared the air around the Colony considerably. Johnsy, for the time being, gave up fighting the inevitable and enjoyed himself; he'd work on the inevitable later, maybe, after he took Kathleen home. They danced. He hadn't wanted to dance while Tommy was there because Tommy's brains were in his feet and worked much too well there. They talked, nonsense mostly, and they laughed together. He told her about his factories, leaving out the headaches and sticking to the funny semitragic things that happened, like the time one of the steampipes was hooked up to a lavatory by mistake.

Kathleen told him about Mansley's trailer and about it having been his, Johnsy's, own idea that he be her uncle, and that both she and Mansley thought it was a fine idea. Then she told him about growing up in Waterford and that being an orphan wasn't any fun but it did keep you from having family fights and things, and about working in the bargain basement, and how she'd thought going to Palm Beach would be wonderful, and how it had turned out to be the loneliest place she'd ever been.

It was late, almost two o'clock, before Kathleen remembered she had to be at work by nine in the morning. Johnsy had one more drink, the grandfather of all drinks, and then he signed the check, and arm in arm they walked out to his car. It was only then, when they were away from the crowd and the music and the artificial world in the restaurant and back in the real, unsympathetic world again that he realized that he was very, very drunk. Concentrating on it, he didn't think he'd been that drunk since he was a pup. He wanted desperately to keep it from Kathleen. He'd told her champagne and brandy didn't affect him.

As Jim drove the Rolls-Bentley up to the awning, Johnsy did what he called an outside weave. It was a special one he saved for occasions like this, because most people wouldn't think it possible for any man, drunk or sober, to lean so far off balance and get back in plumb again. He bowed to Kathleen with pardonable pride.

"Uncle Seton pitches horseshoes," he said. "That's his trick." He did the outside weave once more. "*This* is my trick. Neat?"

Kathleen wasn't too impressed. Seton Mansley, she was sure, could do it blindfolded, but she said, "It's a fine trick," and got into the car.

Jim the doorman moved close to Johnsy. "Don't drive," he said, "till you get some air first. Let her drive. I wouldn't kid you."

Johnsy nodded. Jim knew. He slipped him a bill, and, leaning on the side of the car, smiled at Kathleen.

"Funny bunny," he said, "because I love you dearly, I'm going to let you drive my dainty creature as far as your house. Know how? It's a cinch."

Kathleen nodded joyfully, shot him a happy smile, and slid across behind the wheel. She didn't have any idea how to drive a foreign car—she knew the gears and things were different—but Johnsy leaned across her and shifted them and it was all very clubby and gay. Once in high, the car breezed to the ocean. A right turn and they were skimming along the edge of the beach fast, the wind whipping Kathleen's hair, making it stream out behind, her lips parted with happy excitement. It seemed only a minute before they were drawn up in front of the wretched roominghouse. Johnsy hadn't had anything like enough air, and that last drink was stealing up on him. He got out and opened the door for Kathleen with exaggerated gallantry. She held out her hand.

"Tomorrow?" he said. "At five?"

"Six," said Kathleen.

THEY stood awkwardly then, looking at each other like two high-school kids when each of them thinks maybe the other thinks they ought to kiss each other good-by and doesn't quite dare. Then quickly Johnsy leaned forward and kissed the tip of her nose. She laughed and ran onto the porch.

"You've got to stop kissing the end of my nose, Johnsy," she said. "That's how all the trouble started."

"I'll wait here till I see your light go on," said Johnsy.

"I'll wave to you from my window."

Johnsy got back into the car. Kathleen hurried up the stairs, snapped on the one overhead light in her room, and flung up the window shade. Then she leaned her elbows on the sill and called, "Night, Johnsy, and thank you a million."

"Mention it," he said. "Here I go."

It was only after he started the car in high that Kathleen realized with a sickening feeling that he had no more right to be behind the wheel of a car than a blind man, for in the first fifty yards he swung back and forth across the road twice.

"Johnsy!" she screamed. "*Stop!*"

He was only going about ten miles an hour. He turned and waved to her. Then it happened!

Is Kathleen to lose the man she has come to love? Will Sarah Hamilton find some way to make trouble? This night of Kathleen's first Colony dinner party proves long and eventful, and before dawn she finds herself in a strange and embarrassing situation. Don't miss the excitement in next week's Liberty!

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

"One of the great troubles with the world," says Joe, "is that the people have forgotten how to laugh."

OLD BROWN JOE

A heart-warming close-up of a shy man of laughter

JOE E. BROWN thinks he has found an answer to the problem of how to stop war.

Before laughing that one off, we had better take one look at the proposal and another at the proposer.

Nearly everybody who follows the films knows that Joe E. Brown was a circus acrobat before he was a stage and movie comedian, and that he met with an accident during his circus days which threatened to end his career.

Few people know, however, that in addition to the compound leg fracture which he suffered as the kid "top mounter" of a team of acrobats, indestructible Joseph has also met up with a broken jaw, a torn ligament in his good leg, a collapsed lung, a pulled tendon, a torn cartilage between nose and lip, contusions of the shoulder and chest, an operation for hernia, an operation for appendicitis, a tonsillectomy and a twice-broken back.

And last summer, when I talked with him, he had only recently been released from a Los Angeles hospital where he had lain six months in a plaster cast.

He was obviously favoring the recently healed back, but nothing would get him to talk about it.

Joe's philosophy about such things is based on a line which he attributes to Edna Ferber: "Just remember that everything that happens to you is sheer velvet."

"Take, for example," Joe says, "that first compound fracture which everybody talks so much about. That was a lucky break for me. While I was lying there in bed, I got my first notion of being a comedian. I couldn't help thinking how funny I must have looked whirling down through the air with no one there to catch me, and that gave me the idea of burlesquing an acrobatic act. Later, when I went in for comedy, it went over big."

Another thing that almost everybody knows about Joe E. Brown is that he has a large mouth. What most people *don't* know about Joe E. Brown is that actually his mouth isn't half so large as it seems on the screen. The motion-picture camera is a Hollywood cut-up, especially when it comes to adding here and there a cubit's length or breadth.

Of course Joe has long since resigned himself to his camera mouth. He has even acquired a knack of making it look bigger than it is by twisting and stretching his face.

More and more, however, Joe has depended on the humor of situations and character rather than of make-up, costume, and grimace. His favorite situation, which takes many forms, he describes as "the downfall of dignity."

"For example, in Elmer I am a know-it-all, so the audience is delighted whenever my ignorance is exposed. The doctor says to me, 'It may be a partial laparotomy of the posterior schizophrenic vertebrae,' which is good medical language and only mildly funny; but when I answer laconically, 'Sure! That runs in my family. My head feels numb,' the audience howls with glee."

Joe didn't say so, but, of course, the size of the howl also depends on how the line is said, and especially *when*.

I watched him the other night as Elmer, eating his enormous breakfast, undoubtedly the largest meal ever actually eaten on the American stage.

Most good actors excel in timing; if they don't, they aren't good actors. But Joe Brown, sitting at his stage mother's table, helping himself to a slice of ham, four griddle cakes with syrup, a slice of fish, two apples, two doughnuts, half a grapefruit, a glass of orange juice, and a piece of apple pie, not only timed his laugh effects but the laughs themselves.

He exhibited repeatedly a high histrionic gift seldom seen on any stage. He not only called the laughs in advance, but he called them in just the key he wanted them. Asked how he performed this histrionic legerdemain, he replied:

"I discovered that I could set the key for a laugh when I was appearing in a stage play in New York, Jim Jam Jems. I had to deliver the same line four times in one act. Now, if a line gets a laugh the first time it is pulled, the chances are it is good for a second. But if you try to repeat it the third or fourth time, the laugh is likely to go sour unless you give the line new emphasis. Well, I started experimenting with that line, each time hitting the last word in a different key.

"We called in a professor of psychology from Columbia University. He and I worked the thing out together from a psychological standpoint. Then we checked up on the audience reaction, and we proved beyond a doubt that the key in which the laugh came from the audience was a repetition of the key on which I delivered the line."

All of which goes to show that Joe E. Brown gets his laughs—and has been getting them longer and louder than any movie comedian actively before the camera—not alone because he is a gifted slapstick comic with a funny face, but because he is a studious, thoughtful, intelligent man. And it is this element in Joe which gives added significance to what he told me about his plan to put an end to war.

Not that Joe got his idea from any professor of philosophy or anything like that. Leaving home at the age of nine to join a circus does not encourage much intimate contact with professors of conventional education. And Joe's leaving home was not of the impulsive, fun-seeking, runaway kind with a quick back-to-mama finish. Nine-year-old Joe left home as a business proposition to earn money

for a family which very much needed it.

Joe had been born in Holgate, Ohio, on July 28, 1892, but when he was beginning his professional career, the family was living in Toledo. Mathias, the father, worked hard, but eight children, of whom Joe Evan was the seventh, had gotten him financially down, and what they had done to the mother, Anna, can well be imagined.

But what Mother Brown couldn't do, Mother Nature did.

In 1906 Joe's troupe, the Five Marvelous Ashtons, was playing San Francisco when that seismographic disturbance known locally as "the Fire," seems to have shaken the Five Marvelous Ashtons definitely apart, so Joe landed a job with a vaudeville acrobatic act, the Bell and Prevost Troupe.

Joe's good friend at this time was Frank Prevost, a man much older than himself, whom the boy affectionately called "Pre." The night of Joe's injury, Pre told Joe he'd drop with him out of the act. Thus began an eleven-year association between man and boy which ultimately landed Joe, the funny man of the act, first in burlesque and later in musical shows on Broadway.

Meanwhile, Joe tried out for a couple of teams: one, a professional baseball one; the other, matrimonial.

At seventeen, he was good enough to play with St. Paul, a Class AA outfit; and one spring he was actually taken South by the Yankees. Joe thus explains why he didn't stay on with the game he loved:

"I had two idols at the time, Ty Cobb and William Jennings Bryan. Naturally I tried to play baseball like Ty Cobb, but actually I played it like Bryan."

THE matrimonial team on which Joe and Kathryn Brown have been playing for a quarter of a century, started practicing one afternoon in Duluth, when pretty Kathryn McGraw dropped into a vaudeville show, in the course of which Joe told his now famous story about a certain Li'l' Mousie. Kathryn thought it was about the funniest story she had ever heard, and told the family all about it.

A few months later, Joe, making a long train jump to the Coast, found himself sitting next to a pleasant-faced middle-aged lady who asked him if he wasn't the same Joe E. Brown whose Li'l' Mousie story her daughter thought was so funny. And when daughter came in and said he was, everything was jake with Joe henceforth and forevermore.

The first child, Don, came on Christmas Day, 1916, one year and one day after their marriage. In 1918, the second, Joe E., Jr., appeared. And Joe began to take account of stock. As an acrobat in a burlesque show he had about reached tops; as a comedian in a burlesque show, he would have to start with less—fifty per cent less, in fact; but as a comedian, if successful, there was always Broadway. Encouraged by Kathryn, he took the chance—and won.

In Hollywood, after a series of Broadway hits, Joe Brown was only moderately successful until the talkies came in and gave his mouth a chance. Going Wild was his first solo starring vehicle. Followed Maybe It's Love, Hold Everything, Fireman, Save My Child, Local Boy Makes Good, Elmer the Great—and old Brown Joe was sitting pretty on Hollywood's highest comedy roost.

Privately as well as professionally, life blossomed under the influence of an established Brown home.

IN 1930, twelve years after Joe Evan, Jr., Mary Elizabeth Ann was born. And as if three of a Brown kind weren't enough, Joe and his wife stepped out in 1934 and adopted a second girl, named Kathryn Frances, after her new mother. Somehow, too, in a way that doesn't seem clear to any one, even Joe, a certain handsome, strapping Serbian youth, Mike Frankovich, one of the greatest athletes in U. C. L. A. history, drifted into the Brown family and has been there ever since.

Joe's professional popularity with kids has long been second only to Shirley Temple's. A considerable percentage of his fan mail—one of the largest in Hollywood—has always come from children under twelve. This fact greatly impresses Joe, not with his importance but with his responsibility.

"Youngsters are great imitators," he said. "And I have had reason to know that there are kids who think it's great fun to imitate me. In one picture I had a scene where I had to drink coffee out of a cup with a spoon in it. The idea was to have the spoon get in my eye, and the idea worked. It worked so well that, after the director had shot the scene about the steenth time, I couldn't stand it any more, and bent the spoon so it hung over the side of the cup. That, as it turned out, was what really got the laughs. But would you believe it, I got more than five hundred letters of protest from parents! One of them wrote, 'We haven't a straight spoon left in the house.' Well, that taught me something."

All of this, however, isn't telling you much about Joe's plan to stop war, unless it helps to understand what a really sweet, simple, sincere soul he is.

Now as to his proposal: it can be summed up in one word, *laughter*. Joe started out to get laughs for the laugh's sake, but for years now he has been getting them with a growing realization of the good they are doing the laughers.

At first it was the physical good that impressed him most. The medical profession has long held that a belly laugh a day keeps the doctor away.

This wasn't all theory with Joe. What the postman brought every day told him the story. After a while, however, the evidence began to pile up as to the mental and spiritual good that the kind of laughter he inspired was doing to people very much in need of it. One woman particularly brought the lesson home to Joe in a letter:

"My husband is a pitcher and his arm isn't going so good these days. We have been sitting home worrying—wondering how long it will be before he is sent to the sticks. I have just seen your picture. I laughed for the first time in weeks. Tonight I'm taking Bill to see it, too. Maybe if he could put just one laugh under his belt he'd feel better. *I'll write you again.*"

Two weeks later he received another letter: "Bill is in his stride again. We went to see your show and we laughed until the tears rolled down our faces. It was a sort of combination of hysteria and relaxation for us. He slept that night for ten solid hours—the first complete rest he had had for a long time. He pitched the next afternoon and he was back to his old form. He has won three games straight. God bless you for giving us the laughs we needed so much."

Realization of the effect he was having on the lives of literally millions of people sobered Joe, brought about a great change in his own life. He became a joiner. Neighborhood clubs. Good citizenship associations. Boards of trade. He not only lent his name to every worthy local movement, but he took an active part in these movements, presided at dinners, visited hospitals, spoke at money-raising meetings, served on dull committees.

And however troublesome the situation in which he found himself, however tense the feelings of the contending factions he sought to harmonize, he found that one thing always helped: laughter.

SO when the war in Europe came along, and the danger to our own country became more apparent, Joe asked himself why this cure for human ills shouldn't be applied to large groups, to nations, to races.

"One of the great troubles with the world right now, it seems to me," he explained modestly, "is that the people with the reins in their hands have lost their sense of humor, have forgotten how to laugh. The Three R's are all right in their way, but the Three L's—Love, Learn, and Laugh—are righter, especially right now. What we need to stop war is a crusade against hate—a crusade of laughter."

He lapsed into an almost embarrassed silence. Then he added in that appealingly boyish, bashful way of his: "I guess I've been parading my heart for you."

I guess he had, and I hope he goes right on parading it before all the world. It is a rich, understanding heart, a much needed heart.

THE END

DO YOU *Fear* YOUR HUSBAND'S OFFICE WIFE?

The office wife becomes a threat to the home about as often as the woman who is a wife's best friend.

Here's *her* side of the case — How many women consider it?

BY GRETTA PALMER

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

ALICE BLANK was a competent, pleasant girl whose typing and pothooks were beyond reproach. When she captured a job as private secretary to an executive in an advertising firm, she obeyed all the rules laid down by personnel experts: her clothes were dark, tailored, attractive; she left her bangles and earrings at home and went light on the lipstick; she fell eagerly upon her work and tried to memorize the names and businesses of all her employer's callers. In a word, Alice dug in her efficient little toes and determined to become indispensable.

But after a month Alice Blank, who had been placed in her advertising-firm job by Miss Loire Brophy, a well known New York employment agent, came back to the agency in tears. She had been dismissed that day.

"Why?" Miss Brophy asked.

"Ask my boss," said the girl.

So she did. The employer was embarrassed. Miss Blank had been highly satisfactory in every way—to him. He would gladly give her the highest recommendation. But his wife had insisted he get rid of her.

"May I go out and talk to her?" Miss Brophy asked.

"I wish you would," said the harassed executive.

"That woman," Miss Brophy told me, "had charm, looks, security, friends. She fitted into her background as poor little Miss Blank could never have done. She had nothing to fear from any secretary or any Miss America. But she said, 'I haven't had a moment's peace since I laid eyes on that girl.'"

Neurotic? Of course she was. But there are just enough neurotic wives to keep secretaries worrying, in every new position, until they have found out a few facts about the boss's wife.

In this case there was nothing to do but to find another job for Miss Blank, and another, less attractive, secretary for the man. But something had been lost through the incident. The husband had begun to resent his wife's interference and her injustice. His superiors had begun to pity him and to wonder why he could not keep his wife in her place. The wife, having yielded to one spurt of petty jealousy, was pretty sure to do the same thing again.

The office wife becomes a threat to the home, I am convinced, about as often as the girl a man meets on a train or the woman who is his wife's best friend. Before coming to this conclusion, I set out, notebook in hand, to visit a number of offices of widely different types. I talked to secretaries and to their employers—to wives and to employment agents and to personnel experts. And from the things they told me I am making this report to you—the wives in whose hands the happiness of a quarter of a million secretaries in the country rests today.

Now, the theater is a free-and-easy institution in which excessive formality does not exist. If there were any office romances around New York, it seemed that Broadway would be the place to find them. So I went over there. I found that secretaries to producers may work odd hours—Jed Harris' comes to work at four thirty in the afternoon and leaves at midnight—and I found that everybody has a way of calling everybody else "Darling." But of office romances there was not a whisper!

Sallie Marshall of the Dwight Deere Wiman offices is a very pretty girl: she was in the chorus a few years ago.

"In the theater," she told me, "the atmosphere is a democratic one. We all work hard, in frantic spurts, and we get to know each other awfully well. The secretaries are as excited about seeing the newspaper reviews after an opening night as the actors are.

"But romance? Never! The effect of all this close working together is more apt to make a secretary feel motherly toward her employer. She says to him, 'Now, drink your coffee before it gets cold.' She breaks a big date to weather some crisis when the star has her tonsils out and there's a lot of important telephoning to be done.

"But that kind of thing makes a girl proud of the organization: it doesn't make her romantic about the man."

WELL, let's try Wall Street. Let's take the case of Marion Stone, secretary to Mr. George Woods, one of the vice-presidents of the First of Boston Corporation. Her answer was typical of many given by other secretaries. She said, "Mr. Woods is much easier to work for since he's been married."

Miss Stone has never had any personal difficulties with her various bosses in the Wall Street section, but she has a lot of sound ideas for wives to consider before they cast accusing eyes at their husbands' office wives.

"There's no affinity between most men and their secretaries," she says. "It's pitifully easy for any wife to fight off office competition: she has all the trump cards. The only thing any secretary has to give that a wife may not give is knowledge of the employer's crotchets and a willingness to work hard to please him.

"Well, is there any law against a wife working harder still? Is there any reason why she can't study her husband as his secretary has to do?"

It is, I think, a fair question.

But not every secretary in financial circles gives her employer a clean bill of health. One girl put it to me this way: "Yes," she said, "I've had employers proposition me in the past—several of them, and married men. But the wives of these men might consider this: their husbands aren't the dream princes that they were thirty years ago, and the temptation to a secretary is negligible.

"There's a second thing that worried wives might think about before firing the poor office wife: Those men who are anxious for extracurriculum love around the office are no saints the rest of the time, either. Every man who ever tried any monkey business with me, as his secretary, was misbehaving plenty with chorus girls or trained nurses or friends of his wife. I ought to know—I had to take the ladies' telephone calls and send the flowers to them!"

So there is another phase of the matter for the business man's wife to consider: in the few cases where a man *is* a menace to his secretary, he's probably flirting with half a dozen other women too!

But there is, of course, basis for all the stories that have gone around—some basis even in the offices where the relationship between employer and secretary is on the highest, most dignified plane. That basis is the fact that these two *must* like each other if they are to work together smoothly. The good secretary must take pride in her employer and his accomplishments; her loyalty to him must be beyond reproach. Her personality must be well matched with his. A man who flies off the handle must have a secretary with iron nerves to weather the storm and hold no resentment.

It is the job of personnel experts to ensure that temperaments are well matched between employer and secretary.

A secretary's job had begun to sound like an extremely difficult one to me—particularly in view of statistics shown me by one of the employment agents to whom I talked. These were taken from a survey made by Dr. S. N. Stevens of University College at Northwestern University. He studied the reason why 12,000 secretaries and stenographers were discharged from their jobs in some sixty-four companies throughout America. Dr. Stevens found that only 31 per cent of them were fired for inefficiency; 69 per cent were let out because of "personality and character defects."

"Of course," the professor commented in his report, "many of the personality and character defects were really those of their employers, rather than the girls."

YET, to give satisfaction at her job, a secretary must adapt herself to the necessarily imperfect character of her boss. And the training of girls for such jobs stresses the need for adaptability, charm, a pleasant manner, good humor under strain. This, and not any low desire to act the siren, probably accounts for the immense increase in attractiveness among office workers in the past few years.

"Every request for a secretary today stresses good looks," as one employment agent told me.

And so, one way a wife can solve the problem is by encouraging her husband to engage exactly the kind of secretary who catches his fancy—and then outdoing the girl in tact and diplomacy. A strong exponent of this theory is Mrs. Raymond Loewy, wife of the industrial designer who acts as consultant for the Pennsylvania Railroad and Greyhound Bus Lines.

Mr. Loewy's secretary is particularly pretty because, Mrs. Loewy told me, "I think a man ought to get used to having beauty around him, so that he won't be bowled over when he runs into a pretty woman outside the office. Beauty, seen every day, acts as a kind of vaccine.

"And there's this too—a really attractive secretary will probably have enough beaux of her own so that she doesn't have to moon around after her employer."

Which sounds like shrewd wisdom to me.

Secretaries, I learned, aren't wiser or cleverer than the wives with whom they are sometimes compared, to the wife's detraction: they are only more constantly aware of the fact that they *must* adapt themselves to one man's moods and idiosyncrasies. They admit that they are subsidiary to their employers. They recognize the man's greater importance as wives are rarely willing to do today.

Mr. E. B. Lawton, personnel director of R. H. Macy's department store, had this to add:

A GOOD secretary is a big element in a man's success, and a sensible wife should be grateful for the help she gives her husband. Unless the wife is a complete washout, she needn't worry: every man today is so cognizant of the suspicion of the 'office-wife' relationship that he bends over backward to avoid too personal a relationship with the girl who dusts his desk, welcomes his callers, punctuates his correspondence, does his Christmas shopping, and generally mothers him from nine to five."

This point was also made by the secretary to a big executive in a grocery chain. "Every girl in my position takes pride in seeing her employer get closer to the top," she said. "A man who comes to work from a happy home brims with self-confidence and is a pleasanter person to work with. Why, any secretary with a grain of sense wants her boss to be happily married! She blesses his wife if she keeps him from ever coming to work in a grumpy mood."

So happiness in the home and the secretary's peace of mind have a definite connection—but one less sinister than some moving pictures would lead us to believe.

I have talked, in the past month, to hundreds of secretaries and employers and experts close to the problem, and I am convinced that, in those cases where the wife is giving her husband the trust and love and consideration he deserves, she need not fear the woman who types his letters. But when the wife has failed conspicuously to make her husband a happy man—when she unkindly denies him the build-up every masculine ego needs, when she refuses to adapt herself to his little funny whims—

Well, then, I'm not so sure. The secretary, if she is a good one, may provide a contrast almost too pat for any man to miss. I suspect that a wife who is a failure had better fear the office wife. Perhaps the fright which she deserves may recall her to her proper job of catering to her husband's happiness!

THE END

I FLEW INTO BATTLE IN A BRITISH BOMBER

War at first hand! A daring reporter's vivid account of a hazardous adventure in the sky

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

BY ROBERT LOW

DAWN patrol over the Atlantic. We stood in the "operations room" of the R. A. F. coastal command base and listened as the squadron leader read us flight instructions for the day:

"Pick up convoy at position so-and-so four hundred miles at sea. Do six-hour antisubmarine sweep. Then go on anti-invasion patrol over Bay of Biscay and along French coast."

He added, with a smile, "And I don't have to tell you to keep an eye open for enemy aircraft."

From the tip of Norway down to Gibraltar, Britain must keep constant watch on 5,000 miles of hostile coastline. And from Iceland to the Azores the Atlantic must be kept clear of enemy ships. This was the bailiwick of the squadron. It took 4,000 flying hours a month to cover it—20,000 miles a day.

On the walls of the "ops" room were oversized charts which bristled with tiny colored pins, each one signifying some vital bit of information—the location of all British planes in the air at that precise moment; the position of all enemy aircraft in the vicinity; the whereabouts of all shipping within a thousand-mile radius.

The young captain of our boat and his even more youthful flight lieutenant checked the weather with meteorology reports, picked up the secret codes for the day, and we were ready. That is, all but the formality of my signing a "blood chit." This doleful document released the British government from any liability if I were killed or fatally injured in an air battle or crash. I signed. My handwriting looked fairly steady.

We skimmed out over the harbor in a fast launch to a huge camouflaged Sunderland flying boat. The seven members of the crew were already on board and at their posts. The flight sergeant snapped a salute and reported, "Daily inspection O. K., sir—fuel, armament, and equipment."

Life-saving jackets, called "Mae Wests" for some reason, were put in handy places. The nose of the ship was released from the mooring and the forward hatch closed. Then a deep roar split the early-morning silence. Weird blue arcs seemed to dance about the whirling propellers. The sharp bow of the hull shot up white feathers of water. In a few seconds we were air-borne.

We circled over the base, gaining height. At 2,000 feet we started our long trek in search of trouble. Cruising at a comfortable 150 miles an hour, we soared along the battle fringe of England, over Land's End, out to keep our first rendezvous at sea.

Somewhere, at a given point in the immense expanse of blue water, we would find a large inbound British convoy—that is, if it had not strayed from its course and our navigator made no mistake in his reckoning. He assured me the former was a very definite probability, the latter almost an impossibility. That wasn't a boast; just a plain statement of fact.

Every man on board was good and then some. All nine of the ship's complement were "Aussies," and they had been trained for this job for more than four years—two officers, one navigator, four gunners, a wireless operator, an engineer, and a rigger. At the outbreak of the war their squadron of the Royal Australian Air Force had loaded equipment and ground staff into Sunderlands and hopped off from Sydney for the old country. Ten days later they dropped down at this base, having flown 12,000 miles without a hitch.

As England faded away behind us, it seemed incredible that we were flying out to war. In fact, it seemed incredible that we were flying at all. Here was an aircraft with far more room than an average New York apartment—and less motion than you'd get on a slow train through Arkansas.

The Sunderland is the largest military aircraft in the world. Eighty-five feet in length, with a wing span of 112 feet, she cost His Majesty's Treasury exactly $450,000 with full war equipment. And she has plenty of that. Heavy machine guns guard her—one power-operated turret in the nose, wide angle mountings on either side amidships; and the real sting is in the tail turret, which fires 4,000 bullets a minute. In addition, she carries more than two tons of bombs.

There is no such command on board as "Action stations!" Every man is on the alert from take-off till landing. A sharp lookout below, constant vigilance above.

Our tall, fair-haired, twenty-eight-year-old skipper knew plenty about U-boat hunting. He had been decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross only a few days before for sinking one. Today we were keeping a sharp lookout for a U-boat which had been reported operating in the area. They are not as difficult to

sight on the surface as it might seem. Sometimes sea gulls circling overhead give the first indication. If under way, the wake of the conning tower acts as a nautical footprint.

On sighting a U-boat, the Sunderland immediately climbs. When almost directly overhead, throttles are opened wide, control stick pushed forward, and the machine goes into a steep dive. Then it is a race of seconds. German U-boat commanders have trained their crews to crash-dive in less than a minute. On several occasions sailors have been left floundering in the water because they could not reach the conning tower before the hatch was clamped down.

Although antisubmarine bombs are effective many feet under water, the greatest damage is done when they explode alongside, before the U-boat is fully submerged. If a hit is scored, air bubbles about two feet in diameter appear, then a large dark brown patch, after that a dark green center, which means oil from the tanks, and finally a widening circle of bubbles which lasts for half an hour or more. All this can be faked by a wily U-boat captain, but, to make sure, the Sunderland drops a "pattern" of depth charges that usually does the trick.

This is a report of an attack made by our ship:

"During the night, a signal (S O S) was received from a steamer attacked by a U-boat in the North Atlantic. At 6.15 A. M. the wash of the enemy vessel, submerged at periscope depth, was sighted. The attack was made in a shallow dive, and a salvo of four bombs exploded beneath the submarine, bringing her to the surface, badly damaged. We circled in a steep left-hand turn and dropped another salvo of four bombs, which exploded on the port bow. Her crew hastily came on deck through the conning-tower hatch and jumped down to the afterdeck, which sank beneath them as the submarine went down stern first. Men swimming were picked up by a patrol sloop of the Royal Navy which received our signal."

OUR first bit of action came fifty miles off the coast. The loud blast of the klaxons warned that something had been sighted. Over the two-way telephone which is attached to the flying helmet of every man on board, I heard the skipper say, "Diving to investigate suspicious object floating two points off port bow."

Down we went to 100 feet, and circled over a dark green blob in the sea. It was a floating contact mine. We climbed again to 500, to avoid the blast of the explosion, and one burst from the four-gun rear turret set it off. A creamy white geyser rose as though to catch us, then dropped away again.

About two hours later we sighted a heavily laden freighter plowing her way north. We dropped down for inspection. German ships often attempt to beat the British blockade by disguising themselves. They carry the flags, funnel markings, and names of neutrals. At times they even attempt to rebuild the superstructure in order to change the outline. But the British navy has all neutral shipping at sea charted. Flying-boat pilots have a complete list of ships in their area. They know how many should be in a convoy, and the number of ships O. K.'d by the navy not in the convoy. These are checked off as they are sighted. If a ship is found in a position not mentioned in the Admiralty list, something is probably wrong.

The ship we sighted was not on our list. The funnel had a Maltese cross against a black circular background. This marking was checked with an almanac of merchant shipping, which catalogued half a dozen Maltese crosses, but none against a circular background. We circled round her again and again while the skipper made a sketch of her outline and one of the midship gunners photographed her. We couldn't tell for certain whether she was a stray from a convoy or a blockade runner.

A message was flashed by radio to the Admiralty, giving the description and her position. A few moments later a reply came back that a destroyer was on its way to intercept her. That meant we could continue on our way. Later we discovered she was a blockade runner and had been taken over by a prize crew from the destroyer.

AN hour later the navigator nudged me and said, "We should sight them in exactly three minutes." I timed him, and he was only ten seconds out. Dead ahead loomed the convoy of twenty tramp steamers, laboriously trudging home.

We now maintained complete wireless silence. U-boats have sharp ears. One of the destroyers leading the convoy flashed the day's code challenge. We winked back our code reply instantly, for the antiaircraft pom-poms were being trained on us.

Like a shepherd checking a flock, we counted our seagoing sheep and found them all safe and sound. Then we began our U-boat patrol, which covered several hundred square miles ahead and to either side of the convoy's path. Our course was changed more than forty times. Finally we completed the sweep. For the next six hours the convoy would be safe. But three hours later another Sunderland would come out to do a further sweep ahead. Double insurance.

And make no mistake—the convoy was really safe. We had scoured every inch of the surface. Not one ton of shipping has been lost while under flying-boat protection, and so far Sunderland squadrons have escorted 250,000,000 tons of shipping.

Not a moment too soon, the rigger, who also acts as cook, came up to announce that lunch was served. On the wardroom table waited soup, steak, vegetables, dessert, and tea, all prepared on the two oilstoves in the galley! The skipper assured me that the cook had once baked a cake in the galley oven between U-boat attacks.

The warning klaxons sounded. This time the navigator, who also acts as chief gunner, jumped up into the bulletproof glass navigation dome overhead. My heart started pounding as I heard the front gunner report, "Enemy aircraft." And I got a glimpse of five Heinkel 111s attacking a ship about six miles ahead.

We climbed for an attack. As we flew over the layer of clouds above the ship, one Heinkel appeared out of the clouds below us, apparently unaware of our presence. Our front gun opened fire on him. He turned to port and our front gunner fired a second burst into his under side. He went down with smoke issuing.

THEN the navigator sighted three of the group on our tail. We dived steeply to within forty feet of the water. They couldn't get beneath us now—the underside of the Sunderland is its most vulnerable spot. Through the earphones I could hear the navigator telling the gunners, "Enemy attacking astern. Train guns two, three, and four aft. Don't fire until ordered."

A few seconds that seemed like years. Then he ordered, "Fire." I could hear the rat-tat of the guns.

"Enemy have passed and are doing right circuit to port. One aircraft appears to be in trouble with smoke issuing from its engine. The enemy is turning in and may attack from the port beam. All guns train on port beam."

The skipper turned sharply to starboard so that the rear turret would face the enemy. The Heinkels opened fire at 900 yards, but missed us. They came no closer. For ten minutes they shadowed us at a distance of a mile. We swung around to meet them, but they turned swiftly and made for the French coast.

Over the "intercom" the gunners reported. We had suffered no casualties, nor even any hits. The ship which had been the Heinkels' target had escaped without a scratch. From her bridge came to us a masterpiece of British understatement: "You helped. Thanks." We circled around her for half an hour, then resumed our patrol.

Down over the Bay of Biscay we soared, searching in vain for signs of ships which might be the vanguard of the fleet which Hitler had threatened would one day land on British shores. Late in the afternoon we headed north. Thirteen hours after our take-off we were ashore again, turning in our reports to the station intelligence office.

That night in the mess I mentioned our brush with the Heinkels. I was cut short by an overwhelming chorus:

"And another Heinkel bit the dust—
Oh, another Heinkel bit the dust!"

The one thing you can't do in the R. A. F. is talk shop after hours.

THE END

Actual color photograph—G. R. Reavis, tobacco warehouseman, inspects an extra fine lot of ripe, golden leaf.

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine

As tobacco experts like G. R. Reavis will tell you, Luckies buy the finer leaf. These men know . . . for they spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco.

Now here's what this means to you as a smoker . . . Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine. The more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of proven mildness. So remember this fact: for two years, the average nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands★—less than any one of them.

Luckies, you see, analyze tobacco before buying it. So our buyers can select leaf that is ripe and mellow, yet milder—low in nicotine.

Remember, with independent tobacco experts, with men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1.

★NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940 Lucky Strike has averaged

9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

Copyright 1940, The American Tobacco Company

With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 TO 1

HONORED . . .
CAP-SEALED
CAN
FOR BEER
USE ANY
OPENER

. . by distinguished brews throughout the nation

In all America, more brewers are packing their beer and ale in Cap-Sealed cans than in any other can made.

The reason? There's a big difference in beer cans.

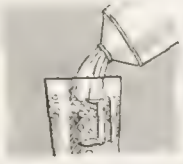
The Cap-Sealed can was *designed* for beer. Every feature of this can is constructed to guard the delicate taste of beer, to bring it to you with all its true brewery flavor.

Brewers are proud of their brews, anxious to have them reach you at the peak of their quality. They know, too, that it is the Cap-Sealed can which offers you the utmost in convenience—a can that's easy to open, easy to pour, easy to drink from.

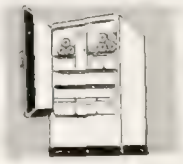
You will find below five of the reasons why the Cap-Sealed can is given the place of honor, both by so many brewers and by the public.

EASY TO OPEN! Opens like a bottle. Use *any* opener.

YOU CAN drink from the can, from a cap-protected opening.



TRUE BREWERY FLAVOR retained, due to quick pasteurization.



CHILLS FASTER. And cans, stacked on side, take up little space.

NO RETURNS, no deposits, no "empties" to worry about.

THE CAP-SEALED CAN

A product of

CONTINENTAL CAN COMPANY

MADE IN TWO CONVENIENT SIZES—12 OZ. AND 32 OZ.

Liberty's Patriotic United States Constitution Quiz Contest

UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION QUIZ NO. 3

1. If the situation illustrated above were to take place before your home, which Article or Amendment would be your protection against the invasion of your rights?

2. What is the term of office of a senator?

3. Has the Constitution ever been amended to repeal an Amendment?

4. On what hour of what day of the month do the terms of President and Vice-President expire?

5. What constitutes treason against the United States of America?

PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
FIFTY PRIZES, each $10	500
220 PRIZES, each $5	1,100
TOTAL PRIZES	$2,500

HAVE you entered the Constitution Quiz yet? By all means get an entry started now, while the game is only in its third week. Delay will not improve your chance of setting up a winning score. An entry begun now will have an excellent opportunity to finish in the higher brackets of the prize list. Why not start before you turn this page?

The brief Rules explain exactly how to go about preparing a winning entry. Be sure to read them over carefully so that you can comply with the few simple conditions governing the competition. Then study the questions in Quiz No. 3 in the box at the lower left. Clip the questions and affix them to a sheet of paper as instructed, and then set down your answers below.

There is undoubtedly a copy of the Constitution of the United States in one of the reference books on your shelves. If for any reason you wish an individual copy of the Constitution for use in connection with this contest, Liberty can furnish it. Mail your request to the address in Rule 8 and enclose ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing.

Also, for the convenience of late entrants, reprints of the contest material for the first two weeks are available. These are available at the same address upon receipt of five cents in stamps. We suggest you write for them immediately if you require them.

THE RULES

1. Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated December 7, 1940, Liberty will publish a set of questions on the Constitution of the United States.
2. To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath. In answering, wherever possible state first the Article of the Constitution, second the Section, and finally, while you are not restricted as to the number of words you can use, for the sake of brevity use the fewest words possible, preferably words selected direct from the Constitution. When answers are found in the Amendments, substitute the word "Amendment" for "Article" when writing your answers.
3. Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when you will have a set of thirteen coupons and the requisite answers. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
6. Entries will be judged upon the accuracy and logic of the answers given.
7. On this basis, the best entry will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded the $250 Second Prize, $100 Third Prize, and $50 Fourth Prize, in the order of their excellence. The fifty next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 220 next best entries will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
8. All entries must be submitted by First Class mail, addressed to Constitution Quiz Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
9. To be considered, all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, December 18, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

HOW A BALKY CAR WAS MADE TO RUN SMOOTHLY BY ONE SIMPLE CHANGE

MY CAR HAD THE JITTERS. The motor used to miss and backfire and it had no power on the hills. I couldn't figure out what was wrong until—

A SERVICE MAN PUT ME HEP to Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. "They'll give your car new life," he said. "Those old plugs now waste plenty of gas."

RUNS SMOOTH AS SILK NOW! My motor purrs like a kitten. And say, I've sure cut my gas bills since I had those new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs put in.

Is your car spark-weary? Let the Auto-Lite mystery spark give it new life!

YOU'LL be amazed at the difference in the performance of your car when you replace old, gas-wasting spark plugs with sensational new Auto-Lites! Lazy motors suddenly take on new pep, gain lively pickup and smooth, responsive power. Gas wastes are eliminated.

Auto-Lite Spark Plugs deliver an amazing *Mystery Spark* that steps up the efficiency of the entire ignition system. To harness this remarkable ignition spark, Auto-Lite's famous staff of engineers created a new-type electrode, made of a new Konium alloy in a new geometric gap design. They developed a new "Ziramic" insulator and other revolutionary features.

Try this new kind of spark plug in *your* car. Discover for yourself why thousands of other car owners from coast to coast are switching to it every week. Remember, too—Auto-Lites cost no more than ordinary plugs at service stations, and they may save their cost many times over.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
Merchandising Division
TOLEDO, OHIO SARNIA, ONTARIO

ROASTED AT 2000°—Testing insulator resistance at twice temperatures found in average engine operation guarantees Auto-Lite Spark Plug durability. This is one of many exhaustive laboratory tests which safeguard Auto-Lite quality.

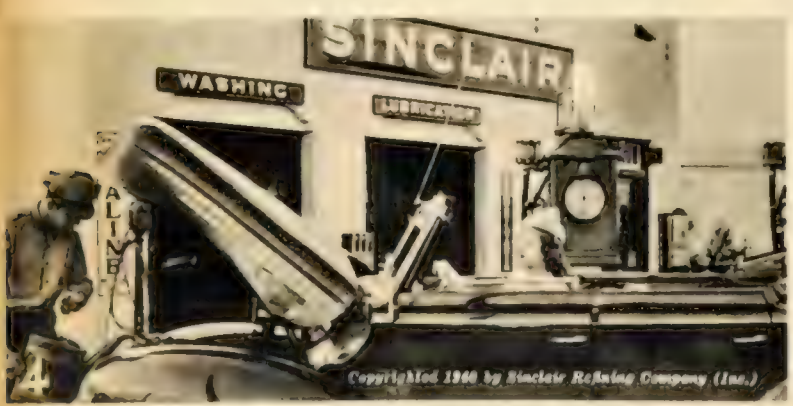
Ignition Engineered by Ignition Engineers

Change to AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

Peggy Moran, featured in the New Universal picture, "Slightly Tempted", is a flying enthusiast. She is . . .

. . . pictured here with Dorothy Travis, Chief Stewardess, in a Chicago and Southern Air Lines' plane. For the safe lubrication of its new fleet of . . .

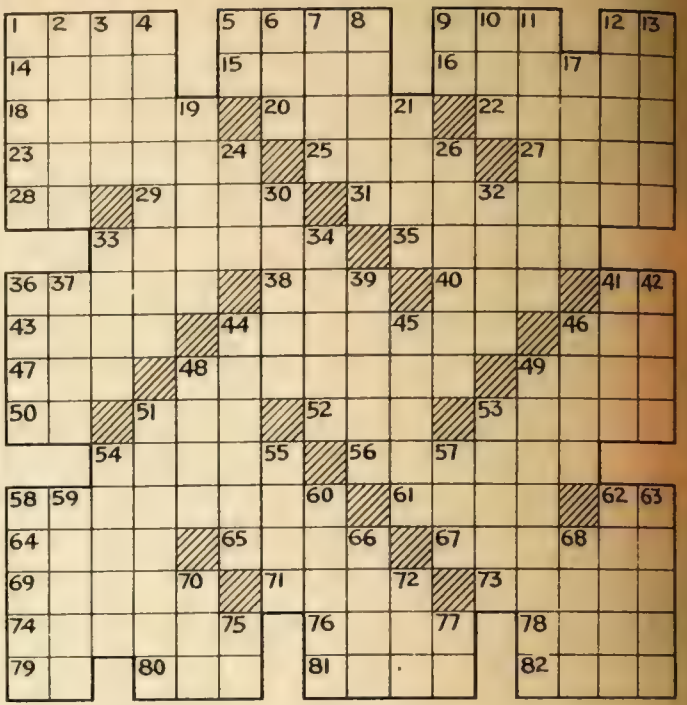
. . . 21-passenger Douglas planes, Chicago and Southern uses Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil exclusively. This is the same quality motor oil sold . . .



. . . by your nearby Sinclair Dealer. To make driving safer, reduce wear, ask your Sinclair Dealer for Sinclair Pennsylvania or Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil. These oils last so long they save you money.

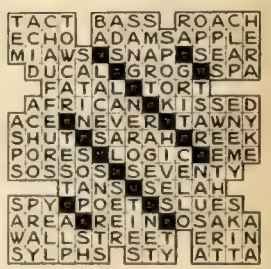
CROSSWORDS

By Lee Pasquin



HORIZONTAL

1 Free from danger
5 Residence
9 Domestic animal
12 Article
14 Overcome with fear
15 Seed covering
16 Producing motion
18 Placed in a certain class
20 Dash
22 Fairies
23 Amphi-theater (pl.)
25 Agitate
27 Rave
28 Pronoun
29 Allowance for waste
31 Variety of vulcanite (pl.)
33 Irrigates
35 Old
36 Leaves out
38 Consumed
40 Mimic
41 Preposition
43 Mellow
44 Monkshood
46 Part of a ship
47 Playing card
48 Raise
49 Peel
50 Note of the scale
51 Lower and raise quickly
52 Greek letter
53 Paired
54 Danger
56 Shrub or tree (pl.)
58 Masked
61 Time long past
62 Note of the scale
64 Young fellow
65 Pitcher
67 Grammatical classification
69 Ceremony (pl.)
71 Pulled
73 Took without leave
74 Smoothed
76 Principal
78 Soon
79 Us
80 Species of monkey
81 Feminine singer
82 Unaspirated consonant



Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Wife of Abraham
2 Cognizant of
3 Festival
4 Toothless
5 Exclamation
6 Native mineral
7 Unit of measurement for wire (pl.)
8 Raise the spirits of
9 Part of to be
10 Something given to pacify
11 Barren
12 Line up
13 Fits snugly into
17 Angry
19 Speeds suddenly
21 Bird's beak (pl.)
24 Perceive
26 To revolve on an axis
30 Part of a harness
32 Part of the neck
33 Rub the surface of
34 Kitchen equipment
36 Spoken
37 Mineral
39 Growing out
41 Ripped
42 To be indebted to
44 Pertaining to certain mountains
45 Country in Europe
46 Winged mammal (pl.)
48 Ireland
49 Originating
51 Darkens
53 Pond (pl.)
54 Prattle
55 Licentious
57 Animal
58 A spiral
59 Garden plant
60 True skin
62 Fruit
63 Goddess of peace
66 Actual
68 Accomplished
70 Ocean
72 Humor
75 Prefix: double
77 Negative

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

A STORY OF THE INVASION OF AMERICA

Lightning in the night

BY

FRED ALLHOFF

with the advice and counsel of Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, George E. Sokolsky, and many others

Blow after blow, the enemy strikes! . . An amazing novel of 1945

Waves of planes soared overhead. Morning saw a proud city in ruins.

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

A synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 38

PART FIVE—THE SIEGE OF SEATTLE

NORTON'S head ached violently and, despite a blast of chill sub-zero air that streamed into the cabin, he felt an almost overpowering sense of drowsiness.

His hands groped for the auxiliary oxygen tank that he knew must be fastened somewhere under the seat. He found it, turned the valve. He brought up a length of metal-bound rubber tubing and sucked in a long pull of oxygen. After a moment of dizzying intoxication his senses cleared. Across the aisle he saw Peggy O'Liam shaking her head against approaching unconsciousness. Just as he got to her side and adjusted the seat oxygen tank, her eyes closed and her head dropped forward. He put the oxygen tube's wooden mouthpiece between her lips and, pinching her nostrils, forced her to breathe in oxygen.

She revived to smile wan recognition. He said, "Thin air. Blacked you out. Hang on to this tube."

He got back into his own seat and fastened his safety belt as their plane nosed down in a roaring power dive. They emerged from under clouds at 8,000 feet in a pull-out so sharp that his body ached from the downward pressure. His eardrums seemed to have buckled, and he blew his nose

and swallowed hard to relieve them.

He could see nothing, now, of the Japanese planes. There was little use telling Peggy, if she had not already guessed. Either they were going to make their destination or—they were not.

A few minutes later he saw a group of navy fighters flying protectively above them. Some time after that they came in over the gleaming waters of the Golden Gate, and he saw, to his right, San Francisco. He looked down, his eyes seeking the Golden Gate Bridge, longest span in the world, across the entrance to San Francisco Bay.

They found it—and he stared. The $35,000,000 bridge, pride of Californians, had been severed almost midway between its two high towers by a bomb hit. Its cables and six-lane roadway, a twisted mass of wreckage, had sagged into the channel waters.

They circled, gliding down over Treasure Island, one-time site of the Golden Gate International Exposition. The bridge connecting Oakland and San Francisco was undamaged. They landed lightly on the water, and turned to taxi toward the ramps of Alameda Airport and Seaport, which since 1940 had been converted into a naval air base.

They got out of the plane, and as they were crossing the field he grinned at the girl beside him and said:

"Welcome home."

She halted and her face was wistful. "Home!" she repeated. She dug the tiny toe of one slipper into the earth and hugged his arm and smiled up at him. "It feels good," she said.

An Intelligence officer at the air base told them later of that Japanese attack upon their planes.

"We had a high patrol up this morning," he said. "Part of their job was to escort you in. They found you just after the Japs did. Half a dozen of the fifty Jap planes had dropped out of formation and pounced on you. Knocked down your leading ship. Then our interceptors came down on them out of the sun. Complete surprise. They lost forty-four planes. We lost five. You had a close squeak, though."

Norton was on the point of asking about the Golden Gate Bridge when a message arrived. He and Peggy O'Liam were to report at once to the office of the commandant of the Twelfth Naval District, Rear Admiral Dugal O'Shane.

The Intelligence officer whistled softly. "Old Tight Britches," he said. "Ever met him?"

"I've heard of him."

"Well, you're about to have an experience. O'Shane's the Luke McGlook of the navy. He was born with a tongue that could slice through armor plate. Years ago they gave up trying to find a new place to pin medals on him. Great man. Don't let him rattle you."

"Thanks," Norton said. "I'll try not to."

Admiral O'Shane lived up to his advance billing. He was red-faced, gray-haired, testy. When Norton re-

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

A few nights after Hitler's seizure of the Panama Canal in early August, 1945, the United States fleet left Honolulu to make for the Atlantic by way of Cape Horn. Later in the night, as Japanese and Russian planes again bombed Honolulu, the Joyces' servant, Greta Müller, defiantly revealed herself to Peggy O'Liam as a Nazi agent, declared that little would be left of the fleet by sunrise, and drew a pistol to keep Peggy away from the telephone. Peggy grappled with Greta, and in their struggle the woman was killed. From what she had said, it was plain to Doug Norton, when he got there, that a concentration of Japanese and Russian submarines must be lying in wait for the fleet.

All radio stations had been wrecked. The one way to warn Admiral Sterrett was to fly out and overtake him. In a landplane with none too much gas, it was risky; but Peggy made it, and then the admiral's destroyers and bombers found the lurking submarines and sank more than half of them. As the fleet went on, Peggy and Norton were flown back to Honolulu. That night Lieutenant Commander Fitzroy started them for San Francisco in a sub-stratosphere flying boat. One of its pilots told them of the Russian-Japanese invasion of Alaska and British Columbia, of bombings of Canadian cities and of Seattle.

At sunrise Norton woke to find the flying boat under attack by Japanese planes. Bullets perforated its cabin. He felt the lack of oxygen benumbing him. He must rouse himself and act, or it would be too late.

Every drink has a higher I.Q.

[Incomparable Quality]

when you insist on

NATIONAL'S

EAGLE

"The King of Blends"

If you want a mild and gentle drink, try National's EAGLE. And then compare this magnificent whiskey in value, in flavor, body and bouquet with *any* blend you know at *any* price!

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York—90 Proof. 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits.

orted to him, he waved an impatient and toward a chair. "Sit down, sit own," he said. He did not look up. Ie spent a minute reading a report efore tossing it aside. Then his iercing blue eyes appraised his visi- or.

"So you're the young idiot that lew a landplane out to the Virginia?"

Norton smothered a grin. "One of hem, sir. I was the passenger."

"Probably get medals. Both of ou. Hope you live to wear them. We ave a dangerous job picked out for ou. Tell you about it in a minute. Acquainted with the military situa- ion as it stands this morning?"

"No, sir."

"Desperate," grunted O'Shane. He ot out of his chair and crossed the oom to a wall map. He pointed to the northeast coast of the Western Hemisphere.

"Hitler's been hammering away at the east coast from Labrador to Virginia. His air base at Greenland doesn't amount to much—except for its nuisance value. And the raids, so far, haven't been intense. Just enough to keep the civilian population shaky and to make us wonder where we'd better mass our defense for the big push.

"It's a guessing game. To wear us thin. If he thinks he can smother our coastal defenses, he may order a head-on assault against Boston or New York or Baltimore. He may try our back door, down the St. Lawrence, through Canada. He may try a combination of those moves.

"All we've been able to find out is that he's ready. He can attack at any time on forty-eight hours' notice. We've sent a few bombing reconnaissance patrols out to Bermuda to find out what's up. Not one got back. But one of our boys did get a radio message through before he was shot down. Gist of it was that, seven hundred miles off our coast, Hitler has massed the greatest concentration of ships and planes that has ever been assembled. Troopships, supply ships, fighting ships. Planes of all kinds. Carriers, including some that once belonged to France and England.

WE might get together every plane we own and fly them all out there and try to wipe out his concentration. If we succeeded, the war—with Germany—would be over; if we failed, we'd be through. We're gambling, instead, on the theory that if he comes to us he'll lose three or more planes to our one, and that maybe we can get our fleet back into the Atlantic, where, if we can control the air over it, we may cut his lines of communication. I know that if any one can get the fleet around the Horn it will be the Old Man."

Admiral O'Shane moved his arm across the map.

"Meanwhile, we've got a west coast to defend. And no navy to defend it with. Have to rely on secondary defenses — coastal fortifications, planes, troops. That may not be enough.

"Alaska's already gone. One of the last of the privately owned feeder stations of the Alaska Communication System got through to the control station at Seattle this morning. They passed the picture down to us.

"Those people are being annihilated up there. I don't know what else we expected to happen. We rigged them up some air bases, but we got around to it too late. When the Japs and Russians, with superior air power, pushed those over, Alaska was defenseless, cut off.

THE Reds sent a whole field army across the strait; the Japs sent one by way of the Aleutians. At least half a million men altogether. There are only eighty thousand people in all Alaska. People with guts. Pioneers. But what can they do? Regiment of the 32d Infantry at Chilkoot Barracks tried to stop the enemy yesterday. They were wiped out.

"First thing the Reds did when they crossed into Alaska was to take some Russian renegade out of the jail at Ware and make him Commissar of the 'People's Recovery Party of Alaska.' He designates the 'traitors.' Priests and nuns automatically are 'traitors.' So is any one found in possession of a weapon or a radio. They shoot them without trial, usually in the churches. Then they burn the churches. Governor of Alaska was executed yesterday at Juneau. That'll give you a rough idea of what we're in for."

"Didn't we send a couple of divisions up there, sir?" Norton asked.

"Started them up," O'Shane corrected. "Then their air forces got busy. Flew inland into British Columbia. Blasted the Canadian National Railway in a dozen places between Prince Rupert, on the coast south of Alaska, and Prince George, in inland British Columbia. Tore up a lot of the Cariboo Road south of Williams Lake, just to make sure we couldn't get help up there. We've pulled our divisions back before they could be trapped and blown to bits.

"Meanwhile our Canadian friends in British Columbia are having their hands full. The Russians have been flying inland and dropping parachute troops at all the commercial airline landing fields from Fort St. John to Williams Lake and from Prince George to Finlay Forks. That gives them all the near-by air bases they need to bomb hell out of the State of Washington. We can raid them, of course, from every field we have along the Canadian boundary; but we have to keep as much air strength as we can on hand for a possible full-dress attack on our own west coast. And I think — it's any one's guess — that there is where we'll be attacked first.

"Germany can afford to wait. The Japs and Russians will move their fleet and air force and troop transports against us fast to consolidate their present gains. Then, when we have them on our backs, Hitler will spring."

WILDROOT BARGAIN

50¢ Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush
$1.00 WILDROOT WITH OIL
$1.50 VALUE

79¢

What a bush!

What a pair!

Both for better looking Hair!

Get this Bargain Today!

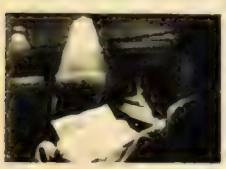
Don't miss this big bargain in better looking hair. Genuine 50¢ Pro-Phy-Lac-Tic Brush given away with purchase of three-action Wildroot-with-Oil. Cleans as it grooms, removes loose scaly dandruff, relieves dryness. Stocks limited. Get yours today at your favorite drug counter.

SAME OFFER available with Wildroot Regular formula . . . favorite of millions who prefer a non-oily hair preparation. WILDROOT COMPANY, INC., BUFFALO, N. Y.

"Now I know why Greyhound named it Super-Coach"

"It's tops in seat comfort, in streamlined styling, in perfected air-conditioning!"

Take your choice of five different seat positions—they're all comfortable. Take a deep breath of clean, fresh air, at just the right temperature! Take stock of all the newest improvements—and of your saving, too, at Greyhound's low fares. In short, take a trip by Super-Coach the best way of all to see "This Amazing America" of ours!



DIRECTED BEAM LIGHTS

TRANSLUCENT PULL-DOWN SHADE

ADJUSTABLE RUBBER FOOTRESTS

MAIL COUPON TO NEAREST OFFICE

New York City . . 245 West 50th St
Cleveland, Ohio, E. 9th & Superior Ave
Philadelphia, Pa Broad St. Station
Chicago, Illinois 12th & Wabash
Boston, Mass 60 Park Square
Washington, D. C 1110 New York Ave., N. W
Detroit, Michigan . Washington Blvd. at Grand River
St Louis, Mo Broadway & Delmar Blvd
Charleston, W Va. . 155 Summers St
San Francisco, Cal., Pine & Battery Sts
Cincinnati, Ohio . . 630 Walnut St
Richmond, Va. . . 412 East Broad St
Ft. Worth, Texas . 905 Commerce St.
Minneapolis, Minn., 509 Sixth Ave., N.
Memphis, Tenn. . . 527 N. Main St
New Orleans, La. . 720 S. Galvez St
Lexington, Ky . 801 N. Limestone St.
Windsor, Ont. . . 44 London St., E
Montreal, Canada . Provincial Transport Company 1188 Dorchester St., W

GREYHOUND Lines

SEND FOR BRIGHT PICTORIAL BOOKLET

Mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound information office listed above) for good-humored picture booklet, "NEWEST GREYHOUND SUPER-COACH". Put check mark in square if you want pictorial booklet about NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR ☐ or GOLDEN GATE EXPOSITION ☐

Name _____

Address _____ LI 9

Admiral O'Shane turned from the wall map. His eyes were bleak, his voice surprisingly gentle.

"Son," he said softly, "we can't buy or talk our way out of this jam. And we can't underestimate our enemies. We call the Russians bums. They were bums in Finland five years ago. But what if they are? Eight million is still a lot of bums, especially when they do what they're told.

"The Japs are a bunch of heathen. Yet this is part of a holy war to them. Did you see Golden Gate Bridge when you flew in today?"

"Yes, sir."

"One Jap did that. He didn't drop a bomb. He dove his plane, his bombs, and himself right into the bridge. Think you'd like to try something like that?

"And the Germans. Ever laugh at that silly goose step of theirs? I did, once. Try it sometime. If you can march three steps in that stiff-legged, awkward fashion and forget that you're a soldier for one of those steps, then you'll have done something no other man has ever done. Discipline!

AND that's the combination we're up against. With luck you'll live to see this country stagger out from under it and start putting the pieces back together. Otherwise you'll see what we like to call civilization vanish from this earth.

"My father came to this country when it was being scratched out of a wilderness. I don't know why he came here from Ireland, but I know he worked and sweated when he got here. We had meat once a week and ate our potatoes skins and all. My father helped build a railroad. Got up at five, spit on his hands, and grabbed a sledge hammer. He swung it until dark.

"The other day I rode on the railroad he helped build. In the diner there was a fat old cluck, dressed mostly in jewelry, giving the poor shine hell because her steak was overdone. And I thought, Is this what my father spit on his hands for?

"If it is, God help us, because we're going to lose our jewelry. We're up against the lean, the hard, the seasoned, the ambitious. They know we're rich—or were—and they figure we're soft. I've got a hunch and a hope that we still can remember to spit on our hands.

"That's where your job comes in. Washington figures we're certain to be invaded within the next week. Hitler from the east; the Red and Jap armies from the west. One or the other. Wherever it happens is where you're to go—fast. You'll be furnished an assistant and credentials. The assistant will be a skilled news photographer. We're taking pictures of this war to show posterity—in case there's any posterity left to look at them. Your credentials will entitle you to any means of transportation—army or navy—at any place, any time, so long as it doesn't seriously handicap a specific military operation.

"You can fly in bombers during a raid. You can ride in a tank during an attack. You're to take pictures—and you're to observe morale and listen to comments.

"Understand, this is no shoofly job. We aren't creating a Gestapo. We don't want names. We want to know how morale, civilian and military, is standing up. If some private calls his C. O. an old stuffed shirt, that's his privilege. Probably he's right. If the complaint's about equipment, that's something else again. Get it back to us. We'll iron out the bugs or give them something better.

"The brass hats who master-mind the war from swivel chairs are going to learn some humility this time. We'll have other observers doing the same job you're doing.

"Billy Mitchell told us years ago that the nation controlling the air in the next war would win. We court-martialed him. Hitler had listened to him. We've chalked off a lot of our peacetime prophets as cranks. Now Panama and Hawaii, our Caribbean and Alaskan bases are gone—and we're going to build a separate air arm. It will take time.

"You are to remain here in San Francisco awaiting further orders. Any questions?"

"No, sir. I'd like to know that Miss O'Liam will get back safely to her home in Illinois. And Lieutenant Commander Dudley Fitzroy asked that this letter be delivered to the Chief of Naval Operations."

"We'll attend to those things," O'Shane promised. "Ask Miss O'Liam to come in for a minute, please."

NORTON and Peggy had dinner that evening at a restaurant in San Francisco's Chinatown.

"You'll be going home shortly," he said. "I'm glad, in a way. I expect to miss you terribly, Peggy." His eyes became bitter. "We've been born a generation too late. Not so many years ago we could have talked of plans for a tomorrow."

He controlled a surging sigh.

"You'll be seeing your father soon," he said. "It'll be good to know that you're in Illinois. That should be a safety area."

She did not look at him when she answered:

"I'm anxious to go home, of course. But I'm going to Baltimore first. My sister lives there."

He did not like that. The coastal cities were unsafe. He tried to dissuade her. She said, "Please—let's not talk about that now."

She didn't know, she said, when passage home might be arranged for her. The airlines and railroads were overburdened, now that war had come. Private reservations were being canceled to make way for passengers engaged upon official missions. Something about priority. Norton found himself a little disappointed, after Admiral O'Shane's promise to get this girl home.

They were together most of the

next day as he awaited orders. Admiral O'Shane invited them to lunch, and had dinner with them at the hotel where Peggy O'Liam was stopping. At the end of the meal he put down his cup, made a wry face, and said:

"Looks like coffee, smells like coffee, tastes like slop. These synthetic substitutes! I sometimes wish we had Brazil for an ally."

Peggy said nothing, and Norton looked up to find her staring beyond him, her face white, her lips trembling. A man at an adjoining table was reading a newspaper. On its front page in huge black type, was the headline:

JAPS SMASH HAWAII

Oahu Overrun—Death Toll Mounts as Defenders, Refusing "Honorable Peace," Are Slaughtered.

Heading the known casualty list of hundreds was the name of Lieutenant Commander Dudley Fitzroy.

Peggy got up. "Will you excuse me for a few minutes?" she asked huskily. "I'm afraid I'm going to be sick."

Norton took her to the elevator. When he came back, Admiral O'Shane was tracing patterns on the tablecloth with a knife. He did not look up. He growled angrily, "What's wrong with that girl?"

NORTON felt a seething rage. "There's nothing wrong with her, sir," he snapped. "It just happens that she has friends in Hawaii and they've been killed, and—"

"I don't mean that," O'Shane interrupted. "What I mean is, why in hell don't you marry her? I could have put her on a plane to Baltimore the first day you arrived in San Francisco. She asked me to let her stay here—with you—until you left. I promised her I wouldn't tell you that. She loves you. My God, and you're supposed to be in Naval Intelligence!"

Admiral O'Shane threw down his knife, got up, and stalked away.

Norton felt a surge of elation. He went up to Peggy's room. She smiled at him.

"I'm all right now."

He decided, as he took her into his arms, that she was something more than all right.

They were to be married at nine the following morning. At six Admiral O'Shane called Lieutenant Norton.

"Sorry," he said. "Hell's broken loose in Seattle. We've got a plane warmed up for you at the field. Get in a cab and get out there. I'll tell the girl good-by for you."

The siege of Seattle began at five forty-five on the morning of August 18, 1945. Three wings of Red and Japanese bombers, escorted by a patrol of fast little fighting ships, roared in from the Pacific across Olympic National Park on a straight line toward Bremerton and Seattle.

The air fleet of great bombers came

Frankfurts with Asparagus. *Simmer—do not boil—Frankfurts 5 to 8 minutes. Serve immediately. Arrange on a platter with asparagus tips on toast and pour well-seasoned cheese sauce or hot mayonnaise over the vegetable.*

Live and learn! Now they've found a new way of making big juicy frankfurts so *tender* they cut with a fork!

Sounds like a "company" dish. Let's try 'em!

HERE'S *everything* you want in the meat you serve for dinner! The rich, savory flavor that tells you they're made of fine meats! The delightful seasoning . . . by a special Swift formula. And a delicacy . . . an amazing new *super-tenderness* you've never dreamed of!

Swift & Company had long believed that if juicy, savory *large* frankfurts could be made *fork-tender*, these appetizing links would be a wholly new treat. And they've found the way to do it. A new method (patent applied for) "tenders" the skins in pineapple juice. Not a trace of pineapple flavor can be detected . . . but just wait till you see how easily they cut at the touch of a fork! Serve them soon. But be sure to get Swift's Premium . . . the really *tender* kind.

Take your choice! *In addition to the big "dinner" size, you can buy Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts in the standard size, equally delicious. But whichever you choose, look for the "Swift's Premium" seal of finest quality.*

Copr. 1940 by Swift & Company

SWIFT'S PREMIUM *Tender Frankfurts*

Swift's spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country make many other "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" meat products, including Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!

over at 10,000 feet, flying in diamond formation for salvo bombing. A squadron of interceptor planes from Fort Worden Air Field at Port Townsend got into the air in time to meet them, but was promptly shot down.

Over Seattle the big bombers droned, each carrying two tons of bombs. The first salvo, directed at Boeing Field, smashed a bridge across Duwamish Waterway. Other hits smashed the Lake Washington pontoon bridge and demolished the Federal Building and a near-by railroad station. The great Boeing Aircraft plant, which was turning out three badly needed six-engined Flying Battlewagons a week for the United States Army, was left a mass of smoldering ruins by fifty tons of bombs. The Naval Air Station Airport on the city limits was wrecked, and a number of its planes, caught on the ground, were destroyed.

After passing over Seattle, the enemy air fleet turned north and headed for its Canadian air bases.

Lieutenant Norton and his cameraman, a wiry, lean-faced young lad named Jock Rodgers, approached Seattle less than two hours after the first raid. As they neared the naval airport they saw the still smoldering hangars, the bomb-pocked field. "Whew!" said Rodgers. "We'll never land there!" They circled and flew back to Boeing Field.

The United States War Department, several years before, had organized a Civilian Airplane Warning Service, enlisting as "spotters" of enemy aircraft thousands of residents in outlying districts in every coastal state of the Union. At headquarters in Fort Worden that morning, after the first raid, the phone rang, and an excited member of the civilian "spotter corps" shouted, "Enemy airplanes overhead!" Before the private at the switchboard could get the location code signals from him, the man had hung up. A moment later a woman, less excitable, called: "Forty-seven. Arthur. Three. Enemy planes overhead, flying south. Several hundred of them."

An officer at Fort Worden consulted a huge wall map. The enemy planes were over Van Zandt, in Whatcom County, Washington, halfway between the coast and the Canadian border. "Coming at us from the north this time," he said.

For more than a hundred years the Canadian and American boundaries had been unfortified. American-Canadian friendliness had been enduring. But the great stretch of border, particularly at the port of Seattle, had constituted an open invitation to foreign invasion.

In August of 1940, however, during the war in Europe, a permanent Canadian-American Joint Defense Board had been set up. Fort Worden, on the tip of Admiralty Inlet at the mouth of Puget Sound, had been transformed into a coastal defense fortification bristling with armament. Batteries of mobile and fixed antiaircraft guns had been installed, and massive sixteen-inch guns, capable of firing twenty miles out into the Strait of Juan de Fuca, had been mounted in concrete pits. Fort Casey, on the opposite shore of the inlet, had been similarly armed.

Now, at the spotter corps member's warning that an enemy air fleet was approaching from the north on a line that would bring it within range of the forts' antiaircraft defenses, gunnery crew members of the 14th Coast Artillery hurried to their stations.

The enemy air fleet, however, after flying south as far as Burlington, Washington, swung sharply west and blasted the city of Victoria, British Columbia. Then, turning north, on their way home they unleashed a terrific bombardment on the city of Vancouver, wrecking the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Barracks, the Royal Canadian Air Force seaplane base in English Bay, and the airports on Sea and Lulu Islands. One bomb landed on Vancouver General Hospital. Another wrecked a building of the University of British Columbia.

Canadian air resistance was courageous but futile. One Canadian plane shot down was piloted by a member of Vancouver's Flying Seven, an organization of licensed women pilots.

All through that day the raids continued. Great waves of Japanese and Russian planes came, in relays, to lay their deadly eggs on Bellingham, Everett, Tacoma, and Seattle, Wash-

At last I've really found a honey—
A blade that saves me time and money.
Four Thin Gillettes cost just a dime—
Give easy, slick shaves every time!
Top quality at rock-bottom price
KEEP OFF
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
4 for 10c
8 for 19c
The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

ington, and on Vancouver and Victoria, British Columbia.

From dozens of army and naval air bases American planes took off, only to go down before the overwhelming superiority of the enemy air fleets.

Seattle was raided for the second time at noon, the enemy planes coming in from the east, warily avoiding the antiaircraft fire awaiting them at Forts Worden and Casey. A number of office workers left their desks and went to the roofs of the buildings to watch the bombardment. Jap fighter planes spotted the civilians on the rooftops and, skimming down, raked them with machine-gun fire.

By nightfall Seattle had been raided five times. And still the waves of enemy planes soared overhead, dropping brilliant parachute flares that illuminated objectives which the bombers demolished.

Outside Tacoma, enemy planes dropped incendiary bombs into the great wild forests of the "lumber capital of America," starting a most menacing forest fire.

Every railroad entering Seattle had been blasted, preventing the arrival of troop reinforcements that were being rushed toward the beleaguered City of Seven Hills.

SHORTLY after nightfall Great Skagit Dam was destroyed and Seattle's power plants hit. Electrified transportation halted and, as the city was blackened, doctors in the County Hospital on Eighth Avenue swore softly and called for candles with which to continue emergency treatment of wounded civilians. Later that night three direct hits on the hospital killed a score of doctors and several hundred patients.

To the whine of air-raid sirens and the constant tolling of church bells was added, near dawn, the shattering bellow of dive bombers dropping explosives upon merchant vessels moored at docks in Elliott Bay.

Incendiary bombs, dropped on wooden houses, started fires that added to the terror and confusion.

Morning saw a proud city in ruins. Only one wall of its civic auditorium remained standing. Defiantly its people carried on in the face of new terrors. A Port Blakely ferryboat with hundreds of civilians on board was blown high into the air when it struck a floating mine, one of many deposited in Puget Sound the night before by low-flying Japanese planes.

A "splinter fleet" of wooden fishing boats, manned by daring fishermen, set out into Puget Sound to clear it of mines. They perished when enemy planes swooped down upon them and machine-gunned them.

Lieutenant Norton and Jock Rodgers had watched the attack upon Seattle from a room high in the Benjamin Franklin Hotel. Between raids they had gone out—Rodgers to take photographs, Norton to talk with citizens.

Early the following morning the mayor of Seattle, over radio station KIRO, which had been powered dur-

Do you know why

OLD TAYLOR

is signed with this name?

You'll find many bourbon whiskies on the market—but only one Old Taylor. For down through the years, this famous brand has been acclaimed Kentucky bourbon at its glorious best. Few, if any, whiskies have so distinguished a heritage, and none can match the distinctive flavor of this prized bourbon of a master distiller, the late Colonel E. H. Taylor Jr., who proudly signed it with his name.

Copyright 1940
National Distillers Products Corporation
New York

If You Want the BUY in AUTOMATIC HEATING

SEE YOUR FAIRBANKS-MORSE DEALER

● Why are sales of Fairbanks-Morse Automatic Coal Burners increasing at a rate greater than almost all other stokers? Because Fairbanks-Morse is the BUY! Quality in every detail at a price much lower than you could expect. Clean, steady, healthful heat at lowest fuel cost. Most convenience—this stoker is so reliable that you almost forget you have a heating plant.

NEW!... Stok-o-Lite MEANS CAREFREE HEATING

The biggest stoker feature of the year. If for any reason an overload condition occurs, and the stoker is prevented from giving you heat, STOK-O-LITE, on the thermostat, instantly gives you a red warning light before the temperature drops. Only Fairbanks-Morse has STOK-O-LITE.

NO MONEY DOWN AS LONG AS 36 MONTHS TO PAY

GET THE FACTS

Learn how little it costs to have automatic heating the Fairbanks-Morse way. Send for this information-filled booklet, "Live in Comfort." No obligation.

Fairbanks, Morse & Co.
Stoker Division, Dept. 159
600 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send, without obligation on my part, FREE booklet on automatic coal burner heat for my home

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada, address The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, Ltd., Montreal

FAIRBANKS MORSE
Automatic Coal Burners

ing the night for emergency transmission, asked the people of Seattle to evacuate the city, using United States Interstate Highway 10, which, by way of Snoqualmie Pass, would take them inland and behind the Cascade Mountains.

In the street that morning Norton found that, for the most part, the people were stubbornly refusing to leave. One old fellow said to him:

"By the Lord Harry, I saw the whole business district of this town wiped out by fire in '89, and we built her up again! I ain't gonna let no Japs or Reds run me out of my own town! If they're figurin' on landing troops in Seattle, they're crazy! If they drop 'em in parachutes, I guess we can knock 'em off before they can light. Six years ago they might have brought their navy right through Admiralty Inlet. They better not try it today. We got guns at the forts that'll blow 'em right out of the water. They can't get through!"

BUT they did get through. At ten o'clock on the morning of August 19, 1945, preceded by mine sweepers and by submarine-hunting destroyers, the Japanese and Russian fleet steamed into the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Just before coming into range of the heavy coastal guns of Forts Worden and Casey, four battleships lined up at the head of the great fleet of destroyers, cruisers, battleships, transports, and train.

The two Russian battleships were the 35,000-ton Internationale and Kornilov, each mounting nine 16-inch guns; the two Japanese battleships were the 32,000-ton Nagato and Muto, each mounting eight.

In line, out of range of the coastal guns, the four battleships waited.

Suddenly a squadron of "smoker" planes appeared high over Dungeness Spit and, one by one, they came roaring down toward the miles of water separating the two forts from the enemy battleships. The forts' anti-aircraft guns sent up a barrage. But the speed and angle of the diving planes made a hit almost impossible.

When they were perilously close to the water, they pulled sharply out of their dives and, leveling off, began to lay a thick curtain of black smoke between the forts and the battleships. The planes offered better targets now; the American gun crews quickly downed two of them. But a squadron of hedge-hopping attack planes came skimming over, strafing the gun crews from the rear with machine-gun fire.

Across the entire stretch of water from Port Williams to San Juan, the Japanese smoker planes had laid a thick pall of smoke. Behind it the four battleships moved forward. High overhead a third squadron of Japanese planes flew. To the battleships hidden behind the smoke screen they radioed instructions for firing upon the land forts.

The Muto opened fire. Her first shot went wide. She tried again, her range corrected by the planes. This time she scored a direct hit on Fort Casey. A moment later she let go with a salvo that smashed its guns and killed every man in their crews.

The gun crew at Fort Worden, faced with certain destruction, fired on through the curtain of smoke. A lucky shot tore off the fire control tower of the Internationale. A moment later the Nagato and Kornilov battered the fort into silence.

Preceded by mine sweepers and destroyers, the Japanese and Red fleets sailed through Admiralty Inlet and into Puget Sound toward Seattle. Into Elliott Bay steamed a number of warships to begin pounding the city with a great fan-shaped barrage.

With the fall of the two forts, the civilians had begun to flee rather than await the transports carrying half a million troops of Stalin and Hirohito. A few grim snipers hid in buildings near the docks to fire upon the first troops to land. They were quickly found and were bombed to death by the Japanese.

Japanese and Russian troopships pulled alongside the docks of Elliott Bay and began disgorging troops.

Seattle had fallen. The invading armies of Russia and Japan had set foot on American soil.

On United States Interstate Highway No. 10, Lieutenant Norton and Rodgers joined the throng of refugees. Fifteen miles out of the city they came upon a truckload of wounded men and boys who were waiting for army engineers to repair a crater blasted in the highway. Some of them were moaning. Only a few complained. Norton said to one young fellow whose left side had been torn by shrapnel, "Well, Seattle's gone."

THE lad's eyes blazed. "Gone!" he said. "Maybe! My grandfather was a baby when his folks came out here. Wasn't anything here then. He was one of the first settlers and his folks didn't even own a cow. Had to feed him clam juice to keep him alive. He and his kind built that city. It can be built again.

"If those foreigners think they can get very far inland, they're crazy. Wait till they try to come through the passes in the Cascades. We'll pick 'em off like flies. If we have to win this war with Indian fighting, then we'll do it. They're not through with us yet."

It was not until he reached Snoqualmie that Norton was able to send a telegram. He addressed it to Admiral Dugal O'Shane, Commandant of the Twelfth Naval District, San Francisco. He merely said:

"Out this way they still spit on their hands."

How is an American city to fare in 1945 under the heels of Japanese invaders? As Nanking did when they ravaged it? How are Norton and his cameraman to rouse the whole nation to "spit on its hands"? And how soon will Hitler's air force bomb New York from the Atlantic? Lightning in the Night will show you next week!

Florida leads the way

The inspiring story of how one forward-looking state is fighting for democracy

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

BY EARL REEVES

FLORIDA has pioneered in the "rediscovery" of *democracy*. A new-type crusade, vital and inspiring, and bringing the town meeting back into American life. That, of course, was the very beginning and foundation of democracy.

To get the line of thinking behind this, background is needed. Our ex-President summed it up tersely in a speech. He pointed out that during a century and a half—or since *we* showed the way—twenty races in Europe had attained a large degree of free government—free speech, free worship, orderly justice, free enterprise. Then, in less than twenty years, hundreds of millions surrendered freedom for bondage under totalitarian government.

"This," said Mr. Hoover, "is the most gigantic revolution in history."

When to that there was added shocking realization of dictator war power, there were some at least for whom faith in our system was shaken. The issue arising is summed up by the Rev. Richard E. Evans, executive vice-president of Florida's new Congress of Democracy, as follows:

"An ideology of intolerance, cruelty, bloodshed challenges the democratic philosophy of justice and reason. Above all, we must recognize this: The dictators in their march are using a whole generation of youth indoctrinated with the idea of brutality and conquest.

"Have we anything to match this propaganda-inflamed unity? No. We fail to train youth in democracy, its ideals, its methods. We fail to train leadership.

"Therefore I say that those among us who are older must awaken. Secondly, we must pour our energies into a vital, dynamic, constructive program that will build in the minds and hearts and souls of young Americans the flaming ideal of a *living* democracy. We must educate for *democracy*, to preserve it for our children and for our children's children. That's what we are trying to do in Florida."

So that's why Florida tackled a new kind of education. The focus was on youth. But the idea glowed and expanded: tens of thousands of grown-ups have been going to school again, studying a neglected subject.

This modern crusade was started by three men in a hotel room. You will recall, perhaps, a World Congress for Education in Democracy, held in New York. It was originated and organized by Dr. William F. Russell, dean of Teachers College, Columbia University. Former Premiers Baldwin and Herriot and many other eminent leaders spoke. A mobilization of ideas for the defense of democratic principles was the aim. But grim history made that congress futile. Well within a year democracies virtually had been wiped off the map of Europe. Here, all of the idealism of those eminent speakers that remained were words, and dormant, except in the minds of three men.

Colin English, superintendent of schools for Florida; R. P. Terry, chairman of the State Board of Con-

trol (over higher education), and Evans, then connected with Florida Southern College, talked far into the hot night of August 17, 1939. Returning home, they added James T. Wilson, president of the Florida Education Association, and Harold Colee, president of the State Chamber of Commerce, to their group.

During subsequent weeks, Evans shuttled between Florida, Washington, and New York. Getting promise of radio time from David Sarnoff. Drafting the help of Senators Pepper and Andrews. Lining up national leaders as speakers and sponsors for a state movement: Dean Russell of Columbia; John Studebaker, United States Commissioner of Education; Donald Hornbeck, president of the Young Republican Clubs of America; Matt Adams, national chief of Young Democrats; Edgar H. Burman, national commander of Jewish War Veterans; Father Robert J. White, dean of law, Catholic University, Washington, D. C.; Bishop Paul Kern, Nashville, Tenn.; Rabbi Morris Lazaron of Baltimore; and Paul V. McNutt, Federal Security Administrator.

Months before, Evans had urged the establishment of a chair of Democracy, the first in the world, at Florida Southern College. Inauguration of that chair was made the jump-off of this crusade.

Five thousand persons assembled at Lakeland. For three days they examined a word and its meanings. Governor Fred P. Cone issued a proclamation calling for a "statewide interpretation of the principles of democracy." He urged that first voters assemble before radios, listen in on the Florida Congress on Education in Democracy, then pledge themselves to its ideals.

Are you interested in the maintenance of our democracy? If so, you can help duplicate Florida's successful demonstration. Send 10 cents in stamps or coin to Mr. R. P. Terry, treasurer, Congress of Democracy, 1905 Congress Bldg., Miami, Florida, to cover costs and mailing, and he will send you particulars with a sample button.

Among those Florida examiners of democracy were Protestant, Catholic, and Jew; labor leader and boss; young Republican, young Democrat—a complete cross section of the *organized society* of a state.

To the chief meeting, on Armistice Day, which was broadcast nationally, Senator Pepper forwarded a message from President Roosevelt. There were telegrams from John D. M. Hamilton and James A. Farley. Colonel McNutt keynoted the trend this new movement was to take. He asserted his faith that all problems can be solved by consultation among all who are affected by them. Because of the complexity of many problems, infinite delicacy, diplomacy, and patience are required. But, he said, in effect, only under our system can the mass common sense of the people be tapped and its judgment made effective. "Out of such discussion," he affirmed, "there emerges a *wisdom* which transcends the thinking of any individual or group." Florida believes that, and under the leadership of this Congress is practicing it.

At Lakeland permanent organization was effected. Becoming president, Dr. English said: "This is no passive step. We mean to make ourselves felt." That was the creed of the Rev. Evans, who, as executive vice-president, became the active commander in chief of the movement he had initiated.

Washington's Birthday—state-wide and all day—was given over to various "studies in democracy." In the morning, in the schools; at noon, joint luncheons by service and fraternal organizations; during the afternoon, parades managed by veterans' organizations and meetings of women's clubs; in the evening, mass meetings at which first voters were inducted, receiving a Congress citizenship certificate signed by the governor and secretary of state.

There was a "twenty-day crusade

IT'S SO GOOD . . . FOR SO LONG
because it's filled with flavor through and through
That fine, tastier flavor of Beech-Nut Gum will last you a mighty long time. Why? The finest flavors are mixed through and through to bring you a more tempting flavor in each piece of Beech-Nut Gum.
Full-flavored Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum
4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated)
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon
Beech-Nut Gum
GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR?
Be sure to visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive near the lovely Mohawk Valley of New York, stop at Canajoharie and see how Beech-Nut products are made.
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM
One of America's GOOD habits

for democracy," state-wide — Flag Day to July 4—again by proclamation from the State House. Planned soon, regular use of radio in the schools. Also, a Miami meeting at which an effort will be made to "sell" this idea to the leaders of several Southern states.

By counties and in cities, study groups are organized. This is for grown-ups and the new-type town meeting. But old-fashioned Fourth of July oratory is out. Instead, a statewide organization which centers around county superintendents of schools is developing leaders of discussion. What these Florida zealots want, and *get*, is:

THAT "we the people" examine our ideals, what they mean, how to make them effective. That this be done in no abstract, theoretical way, but practically, in terms of local, state, and national issues. Finally, always this examining is to be done on a *nonpartisan* basis and by members of as many as possible religious, racial, and economic groups.

It should be understood, however, that these groups have no official status or authority, as had the town meetings of colonial days and after. But when men and women who represent civic, service, labor, business, religious, and fraternal organizations talk some problem out and reach a sound, common-sense conclusion about it, *results follow.*

As I understand it, they want only one ism in Florida. If Americanism shows loss of power, they get busy installing a sixteen-cylinder motor. They've developed the technique for doing it, and the four walls of the Congress headquarters in Miami are covered with clippings which are glowing proof of the earnestness and effectiveness of this crusade.

The best way to get at the spirit of this awakening is to listen to the Rev. Dick Evans. He asks you what makes democracy tick—or what should? Then he tells you to write down certain words (in italics below) as he talks:

"*Good will:* The totalitarians weld their people together by stirring up hatred against creed, class, or race, and against democracy. Here in this country I, a Presbyterian minister, spoke the other night in a Knights of Columbus hall before Jewish war veterans. Of course. We take that for granted. Good will, understanding: that is our way. We must resolve *not* to depart from it.

"*Responsibility:* The dictator says: 'Give me your mind, your heart, and your soul, and I will feed and clothe you.' He takes all responsibility. You have none. And there is 'security' for you too, if you want that kind. You can get it also within prison walls.

"But wait. We do something that isn't too much better. We label a thing politics, then throw it in the gutter, have contempt for it. But politics is the mechanism of democracy in operation. We *must* participate in it. The smug citizen who won't touch politics is Public Enemy No. 1.

"*Enthusiasm:* In Germany 200,000 youths assembled, gave the salute, took an oath: 'We will change the world.' But have we tried to do anything with youth? And yet, how much easier it should be for us, because all the ideals of democracy are so much more attractive, appealing, and inspiring for the individual than this other creed.

"*Appreciation:* We've been giving lip service to our ideal. I say we must remember that many thousands have died that we may enjoy the rights and privileges which we accept so unthinkingly. If these things were worth dying for in generations past, they are worth living and working for today. They are worth *any* sacrifice.

"*Triumph*, a spirit of triumph. The dictators tell us that democracy is wasteful and inefficient; we are decadent; our system is failing; that theirs is new, young, omnipotent. *They lie!* Their system is as old as history. As autocracy. As tyranny. It is like the other despotisms of history—all of which crashed.

"They throw exultant words at us—and some of us believe them!

"But *we* have so far greater reasons for a spirit of exaltation.

"To these shores have come all peoples. We have taken the *best* values from each and fused them into a distinctly *American* way of life. It has provided more rights and privileges, more health and recreation, more education and religious freedom, more comforts and luxuries, better working and living in short, more wealth—in the original, well-being, meaning of that word—than any other system in any age.

AND no blatant and bigoted despot can tell me that we must throw *that* away because it's no good. That's not true.

"We *have* been guilty of neglect. If we need to make changes and improvements to energize democracy now, then 'we the people' will do it —and we can. We've built all this in successive generations through *free* teamwork by a greater diversity of people—in races and creeds—than ever were assembled on the earth. That is a vitality and strength which no theoretical 'racial purity' can match. Yes, we have reason for a spirit of triumph.

"Now glance down the first letters of the words you have written." (They are g-r-e-a-t.) "There you have the things which make democracy GREAT.

"Or, for me, a single word stands as a symbol for it all. The name of your magazine. There you have a five-plank platform for *liberty*. If we stand on it we can make liberty, under democracy, secure."

Florida has pointed the way. I think the rest of us should follow. Do you?

THE END

Old Mr. Boston says:

"Honey-Smooth yet Rich as Old Brandy!"

IMAGINE an old, rare brandy with the luscious flavor of fresh, sun-ripened apricots—that's my taste-tempting APRICOT NECTAR. It's a rich liquor that *everyone* likes. Drink it straight. You'll like the convenience of the handy drinking cup that comes with each pint bottle.

OLD MR. BOSTON
APRICOT NECTAR
Also Blackberry • Peach • Wild Cherry—70 Proof

A Beverage Liqueur prepared by Ben-Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.

Fifty-fifty Football

By NORMAN L. SPER

Presenting a plan for a new deal in sportsmanship

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

FOOTBALL is the most unsportsmanlike game played in our American colleges today.

Many of the football games are one-sided because the rules permit one team to use as many players as it wishes during a game, while its more poorly equipped opponent often is compelled to content itself with very few players.

Football calls for eleven men to play eleven men at one time. But when eleven fresh players are sent in every ten minutes or so against an opponent with only a few substitutes, something must give, and it is generally the tired player.

Rules that make such conditions possible should be rectified.

It is just as unfair for fifty footballers to be permitted to play against eighteen or twenty opponents in the sixty minutes of a football game as it would be for a sports promoter to stage a four-round fight and have one pugilist face a different fighter in each of the four rounds.

Limiting the number of players allowed to participate in each game is the only remedy for this evil.

We can hear an avalanche of comment when that last paragraph is read. We can hear voices from many football institutions crying that football in colleges must not be restricted to a limited number. We agree; football should not be thus restricted. Our plan allows for that.

Many schools limit their squads when they travel. It is the home teams that fill the benches with all the available material. Seldom does a minor team play host to a major squad. It is the major team that dictates when and where the game is to be played. The minor team is anxious to arrange a game with a major team because of the revenue such arrangement gives it.

This is football's greatest evil; and here's our plan to rectify it.

The first step is to classify all college teams.

To begin with, all member teams of the major conferences automatically to be placed in the top bracket and known as Class A squads. Every non-conference school that plays at least sixty per cent or more of its scheduled contests with Class A teams also to be grouped in Class A. All squads that play less than sixty but more than thirty per cent of their scheduled games with Class A teams to be in Class B. All others to be in Class C.

If a major conference team plays less than sixty per cent of its scheduled games with Class A, then it will be considered a non-conference squad and must find its own classification depending upon the number of Class A squads it encounters during the season.

Our next step is to limit the number of players in uniform each class is permitted on game day.

Class A teams to be allowed only thirty-five men in uniform.

Class B to have a quota of only thirty players in uniform.

Class C teams not to be permitted more than twenty-five players.

NOW for the equalization part of the plan.

When a Class A team is scheduled to play a Class B school, the Class A squad must come down to the limit of the smaller-graded team. The same with B teams when they meet schools in Class C, or A's when they play C's. When squads play teams of their own class, they just field their required allotment of players.

If all teams would limit the number of players in uniform on game day, and restrict that number in accordance with the competition, the football fans would see a better grade of football; and better football in "breather" games means more customers at the box office. Many coaches use their breather games as a testing ground for their material, while the less-equipped team takes unnecessary punishment. Either such games should not be permitted to be scheduled, or some way should be found to equalize the teams.

Do you think our plan would solve that football evil?

THE END

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY • CHICAGO

PARKAY is the delicious new margarine made by Kraft. Cookies, cakes and pies taste better made with a flavor-shortening like Parkay. But more than that, Parkay is a delicious spread for bread, hot biscuits and toast. And for pan frying Parkay adds flavor—doesn't spatter or stick to the pan. Ask for Parkay today—the new margarine that *tastes* so good!

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

WHEREVER I go, I meet ambitious girls who have set their hearts on getting into radio work. Mostly they've held local newspaper jobs or have made quite a hit in amateur theatricals. "How can I sell myself," they ask, "to a big-city broadcasting company?" Because so many girls want to know this, I have taken a little trouble to find out.

The answer is: *Don't* leave home. Forget the big city. Stay where you are and concentrate on selling yourself to your nearest radio station, however small-time it may be. That's the invariable reply I received when I put the query to high-up executives at N. B. C. and Columbia. They proved it by citing the careers of Kathryn Cravens, the Le Brun Sisters, Phyllis Creore, Adelaide Hawley, Vicki Vola, Agnes Moorehead, and many others, all of whom have developed from home-town talent to national radio repute. . . . Then for *in the beginning* information I talked with Virginia Miller, who deals with her own sponsors and conducts her own program over Station WICC at Bridgeport, Connecticut. Here's what Virginia told me:

"Hardest part, at first, was training myself to say good morning to my audience in just the right tone of voice. I wore my poor family nerve-bare, I'm afraid, rehearsing 'GOOD morning, good MORNING, good MORning.' At the commencement of each season — spring, summer, autumn, winter—I take a whole week off, spend all day, every day, listening to other programs and learning from them. I enjoy that."

There you are. That's the secret. To succeed in radio work, you need to practice it tirelessly, to love it devotedly, and to watch it like a hawk.

☆ Jean Dickenson, opera and radio star, has coined a neat up-to-date paraphrase of the old willy-nilly expression. Jean is a stanch Democrat. Nowadays when friends argue with her about the coming election, she says, "I'm going to vote for Roosevelt, Willkie-nillkie."

☆ "We have an etiquette argument going on at our bridge-club meetings," writes Mrs. Ruth Bailey of Cleveland, Ohio, "as to whether or not it's polite to reverse the positions of the knife, fork, spoon, etc., when setting a place at table for a left-handed person. Some of us claim it's the considerate thing to do, because it saves a left-hander the awkward trouble of shifting table tools. The rest of us think it is not correct, since it throws the whole table arrangement out of balance. What do you say?"

The question is such a surprise I don't know what to say. Never before have I thought of reversing table tools for southpaw eaters.

Offhand, I'd suggest it is always *correct* to do whatever causes the least embarrassment. But I must admit I can't see any way to a clear decision in this matter.

☆ Tilted back in a dentist's chair, her mouth pried open, waiting for a temporary filling to dry, sculptress Sally Ryan, granddaughter of the late financial magnate Thomas Fortune Ryan, picked up a piece of pink dental wax from the instrument tray and sculpted a miniature head. Found the stuff suited her admirably as an artistic medium, so she bought some and started modeling with it in earnest.

Ellen Ballon, the brilliant Canadian pianist, enthused when she saw the dental-wax miniatures; launched a market for them. Now Miss Ryan can't sculpt enough of them to meet the demand.

They're so small she has to finish them with dentists' instruments, a jewelers' magnifying glass screwed to her eye.

Shows at what odd moments inspiration may choose to call!

☆ Try these *Argentine Stuffed Olives* as a hot canapé at your first autumn cocktail party. The recipe comes to me from the wife of a U. S. Navy officer. . . . Use 24 largest green olives without stones. Grind ½ cup lean ham and ½ cup cooked chicken or veal. Mix the ground meat with 1 raw egg, 1 tablespoon Parmesan cheese, pinch of nutmeg. Fry mixture lightly in butter. Let cool, then stuff olives. Roll the olives in flour; dip in egg, then in bread crumbs. Fry in smoking hot oil. Drain on paper and serve immediately, each olive skewered with a toothpick.

"They all say 'Mama,' but this one says 'Hi, Toots!'"

☆ If the subject interests you *deeply*, read Love in the Western World. Denis de Rougemont's new English translation from the French of Montgomery Belgion. It's a book to think about. (Published by Harcourt, Brace and Company.)

☆ We have a new shade of red this year for winter fashion, while at the same time science has just given us a brand-new theory to the effect that red may baffle mind readers! The psychologists say their research indicates that thought transference can be confused by mental images of red things, probably because most people are both stimulated and alarmed by red. The new style shade will be dark rose. Perhaps you'd better wear some other color when you want the boys to read your mind.

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

Two Small Redheaded Boys—

For husbands and wives: A captivating tale of the way of a woman's heart

BY CHARLES BONNER

FROM the very start, Aunt Cassie had pointed out to Leif and Virginia the dangers. There was nothing petty about her warning, nothing to suggest the timidity of an elderly spinster. She spoke like a kindly judge instructing a jury on points of law they could not possibly be expected to understand. Aunt Cassie often stated, with some logic, that as a well fixed and healthy old maid, devoid of financial or political or romantic ambitions, she was in a position to deal impartially with many matters which arose in the small city of Little Falls. And she did.

She dealt now with Leif and Virginia Wright, who at the moment were debating the adoption of the round four-weeks-old package which gave them a heart-tugging, slightly crooked smile from Cradle 12-A in the foundling home of a city a hundred miles distant from Little Falls.

"My dears," she pointed out, "the child is a lamb, and if you knew his people I shouldn't hesitate for a second to take him. But as you haven't any idea where he came from, I must say that . . ."

Perhaps all reason was on Aunt Cassie's side, except for one small circumstance. Leif and Virginia were utterly incapable of viewing the situation impartially. They were young, in love, nature had proved a severe disappointment, and they were suckers for this creature whose hair at the moment looked like sparse pickings from a titian Mickey Mouse.

Aunt Cassie alluded to its shade as a further negative argument, in view of the old-gold fibers which covered both Leif's and Virginia's heads. But, being the sort of people they were, neither this nor the fact that the expectations from Aunt Cassie were something to conjure with could possibly deter them. So, as soon as the formalities were completed, the shape of Number 12-A was transported to the Wright household in Little Falls.

The Wright household was an average one, and Virginia and Leif were average people; which is not to say there was anything commonplace about them, but merely to say they had the comfortable and utterly sane point of view of those who are not so unimportant as to feel cheated or so important as to feel uneasy. Leif had earned his way through college, through Keating & Kent, accountants, to a junior partnership, and through a dozen or so of the most determined young men in Little Falls to win Virginia. All of which seemed remarkable to no one in town except Leif, and least of all to Virginia, who had been waiting for just such a climax ever since she was nine and had first been ignored by Leif on the Little Falls-Bentonville school bus.

Where they soared definitely above the average was in the quality of their attachment. It was so simple, unaffected, and unified that they rarely troubled to argue about it, as lovers often do, to prove its reality.

The most Leif ever said, wonderingly, was, "It seems to go back a long way—I mean back of us."

"To the Stone Age at least," Virginia said.

They made no attempt to explain to each other what they meant, and it may be that this slightly mystical awareness of the past gave them their strong sense of responsibility to the future, of which the character of their honeymoon was a good indication.

Leif had announced he had saved the sum of a thousand dollars for this important adventure; but it was not until, walking through the dusk along the early summer road, they had reached a point halfway between Little Falls and Bentonville that Virginia showed any real interest.

"Had you noticed," she said, slowing down and glancing casually over the sprawling white board fence on her left, "that the Albertson farm was up for sale? True, it's badly run down, but it's only three miles from the center of town and—"

Leif gently urged her on with a light pressure of the arm. "We'll have to rent for a few years," he said. "A small flat with a hideaway bed, electric grill over the washtub, paper lace on the shelves, etc."

"With you, darling, that would seem like a château," Virginia conceded, and went firmly on: "It's my guess old Mr. Albertson would take a thousand down, and the house would take a little painting, which I can do myself. We'll open up only a few rooms at first, more as we can afford them—and circumstances suggest."

Leif didn't slacken his step past the

"She doesn't mean any harm. Send her a picture —the one of the boys sitting on the snow man."

lovely old place with its long eaves, its sugar-loaf barn, sagging Charleston fence and gate, all badly in need of whitewash at the very least.

But Virginia stopped. She looked up into his face, its strong angular lines clear and definite despite the misty light. "If we're going to found a family," she said, "we'd better provide a family seat as quickly as possible." And she gave him the full benefit of her determined if warm brown eyes.

"And shoot the honeymoon boodle? No far journeys? No castles in Spain?"

But his point was obviously technical. He let himself be guided to the gate. "Here is our castle," she said.

When Aunt Cassie was told, she said, "In my day we went away for two weeks on our honeymoon, and when it was over we came back and settled down to the sober realities."

It was clear Aunt Cassie meant, how could you possibly recognize the sober realities unless you had been away on a honeymoon? And they both understood she was not speaking of her own honeymoon, but rather as she imagined honeymoons to be.

They spent the wedding trip in the old Albertson place, now theirs for a thousand down.

They had no money — fifteen of Leif's sixty a week went to pay off Mr. Albertson's mortgage—and they had everything. They had a kitchen that smelled of strong soap and old boards and had Yellow Kid cambric curtains and a leaning-Pisa water boiler. They had a bedroom with blue-painted woodwork, an enormous hooked rug of Washington Crossing the Delaware, and a ceiling which flaked down gently on them while they slept. They had a Model T which started on alternate mornings, and on alternate mornings Leif walked to town with an extra blue muffler wound carefully around his neck by Virginia. They had the same opinions on Adolf Hitler, on Joe Louis, Dali, and jitterbugs—which were exactly none. They had each other. They had, two years after their marriage, everything but dynasty.

This was the home Peter came to —a home in which two more rooms, the baby's nursery and a bath, had been reclaimed from the rambling old house on the basis of Leif's advance to seventy-five a week.

The baby seemed healthy enough, to be possessed of a vast store of lungs and chuckles, but Virginia was worried about his weight. He seemed to her to gain too slowly.

Dr. Jensen, however, was not concerned. "Don't worry about that," said the pink-cheeked, white-tonsured old physician. "The little chap had a bad start, but he'll come along. You wait and see."

"Do you think the formula agrees with him?" Virginia asked, unconvinced. The little finger of one hand was imprisoned securely in Peter's infinitesimal grasp, while her other held the bottle he was attacking noisily.

The doctor did not look at the bottle; he looked at the devoted bend of Virginia's head.

"Yes," he said; "I think it's just the right formula."

Aunt Cassie put a hundred dollars in the bank for young Peter and was clearly daffy about him—although nothing would induce her to abandon her attitude of apprehension. Even when, a week after the baby had taken possession of the Wright home, she was called away to a distant city to care for an ailing brother—Virginia's Uncle Henry — her parting words were, "It's all very well that Peter is a sweet child—a trifle underweight, to be sure—but you can never really tell until they are about thirteen."

Virginia kissed her aunt. "Dear Calamity Cassie," she said, "be careful crossing streets and come back to us soon."

BUT Uncle Henry was too ill to make that possible, so Aunt Cassie was forced to confine her advice and admonitions to lengthy letters which arrived regularly every Monday afternoon and which Leif and Virginia absorbed, over their after-dinner coffee, with good humor and that special wry affection reserved for eccentric maiden aunts.

Virginia had just opened the fourth of these postal lectures, read it aloud to Leif, and then fallen into a firelight abstraction which was in sharp contrast to her usual chatter. Leif offered the traditional penny, as he was clearly intended to do.

"I was thinking," Virginia said, "that Aunt Cassie will have something really to talk about when she hears about Peter's brother."

Leif breathed quietly around his pipe for three silent minutes. "A miracle," he finally said.

"Two," Virginia amended with conviction.

But it was not a miracle to Aunt Cassie.

"This often happens," she wrote to Virginia knowledgeably, "after an adoption. I can't remember if I warned you of it when you took Peter, but I know I did say you never could tell what might happen. I'll get back to be near you when your time comes, so that all the necessary is done right. And do be careful of yourself if the weather should turn wet."

Aunt Cassie, however, was not present when the time came, for reasons which eluded even her store of information.

VIRGINIA now had Ethel to help her run the house and baby. But it was her day out in the middle of September and Virginia was alone at the farm when Leif received her telephone call in the midst of a complicated tax situation.

"Darling, don't be frightened," she said, "but I feel a little queer."

"What have you been eating?" asked Leif, the pencil in his free hand running down a column of figures. "And six make two hundred and ninety-nine. Have you called Dr. Jensen?"

"I wanted to speak to you first. I haven't eaten a thing, you idiot. It's—"

"But that's impossible. You said not for two weeks."

"I make mistakes. Perhaps if I were a certified public accountant—"

The point of Leif's pencil cracked. Shaking with sudden panic, he controlled his voice in the best masculine tradition and said curtly, "I'll bring Jensen. You get to bed."

But when he and the doctor (practically kidnaped from old Mrs. Montross' chilblains) reached the house, Virginia was sitting at the foot of the stairs, hugging her knees, a faint apologetic smile on her pale face.

"I couldn't go to bed," she said. "I was too scared. And poor Peter hasn't had his lunch. Oh, Leif, I think I'm going to make a fool of myself."

She tottered toward him. Leif caught her in his arms.

"Carry her up," Dr. Jensen said. "We'll cure this in a jiffy."

"You think—" Leif began, lifting the unconscious Virginia with the sure gentleness of the athlete.

"I think," the doctor said, motioning him on, "he's a big chap for a small lady, but none the less welcome."

For eight hours two lives hung in the balance, while Dr. Jensen worked as he hadn't in forty heroic years of practice, and Leif called up for a nurse, and heated water over and over, and gave Peter his luncheon and supper, and kept trying to think up things to do so he could keep himself from thinking.

At a little after nine he heard the doctor coming down the stairs. He couldn't get up. He was frozen to the chair, all muscular will gone as he listened to the footsteps moving slowly, inexorably along the hall. The door opened, and he forced his eyes upward to Dr. Jensen's pink, broadly grinning face.

"You can go up now," the old man said. "He and his mother will be all right. Ten pounds. But all right."

Leaning over the bed, Leif said, "Darling! Darling, you gave me a scare. Did you have a bad time?"

"Look at him, Leif. It was worth it. Oh, it was worth it!"

"Red hair!"

"And he even *looks* like Peter."

They agreed they were in the presence of another major miracle.

But Aunt Cassie's congratulations sounded a slightly disturbing if well-meaning note. "Sweet as Peter is, there is nothing quite like having your own baby," she wrote with spinsterly omniscience. "Blood of your blood, I always say. Here is two hundred dollars, a nest egg for Paul, and there'll be more!"

Virginia looked up from the letter, her clear eyes clouded. "Leif," she said, "what does she mean? There can't be any difference. I've never felt the least—"

"Of course," Leif said. "Aunt Cassie has a heart of gold and a head of feathers."

"They look enough alike to be brothers."

"Twins," Leif said. "Here, you give Paul his bottle and I'll feed Peter. Or is it the other way around?"

AT the end of four months, due to Paul's precocity, the two small redheaded boys were almost the same weight. Peter had gained steadily too, but slowly; and although Dr. Jensen was altogether satisfied with his progress, Virginia was not.

She explained her worries to Leif. "It is very important for Paul not to overtake Peter," she said. "Don't you see how important it is?"

"No," Leif said honestly.

Virginia drew her smooth chestnut eyebrows together with concentration. "Peter is ten months older than Paul. It wouldn't be fair. I won't have it!"

"Then it won't be," Leif said with assurance.

He kissed her and, with his arm around her waist, they tiptoed into the darkened nursery and noiselessly bent over the twin bassinets, thrilled to the extraordinary similarity of the rounded features, the pursed mouths, the identical magenta fluff on the boys' heads.

"Environment," whispered Leif, "is everything."

When Paul was six months and Peter sixteen, Virginia, who for weeks had been studying with mounting excitement the weight charts pinned up on the nursery wall, burst out with her news.

"They're neck and neck!" she told Leif. "For three weeks, ever since Paul caught up to Peter, they've made exactly the same gain each day—a bigger daily increase than Peter ever made before! It's as if he knew what was expected of him, the scamp!"

"The competitive spirit," observed Leif.

"A race," Virginia glowed.

"Precisely whom do you expect to win this race?"

"No one," Virginia said earnestly. "That's the point."

Paul had just passed his second birthday when Aunt Cassie wrote announcing her return in a few weeks. "Thanks to my care," she said, "your Uncle Henry is much better than can possibly be expected, and my place is clearly near my great-nephews, for I look on both of them as that."

Virginia could not conceal her alarm. "She's bound to say something. And I won't stand for it!"

"What sort of thing, sweet?" Leif asked absently. "If this old chimney will work, maybe we can have a 'practical' fireplace, as they say in plays. Nope, I guess not. A flue from the furnace passes through here."

They were working together in the dining room, which had not been in use since old Mrs. Albertson had died fifteen years before, and which now constituted the seventh room to be opened up in Leif's and Virginia's plan for the gradual development of the house. Virginia, on a chair, her firm lithe figure stretched at tiptoe, was measuring the windows for curtains. Leif was tearing away the wallpaper-covered sheet of tin which for years had sealed the fireplace.

Virginia turned now, pleating with nervous fingers the tape measure which hung about her neck.

"She'll say something about blood being thicker than water," she said. "It isn't—I mean in the way she means."

Something in her voice suggested anxiety to the point of narrowly controlled tears. Leif went to her.

"No, sweet," he said, "it isn't."

He pulled her down into an armchair, fitted her head comfortably between his neck and shoulder.

"Tell me," he said.

"It's silly," she said, "but I'm always so afraid some one, sometime, will hurt Peter. It's not only Aunt Cassie. I can't bear to have him thought of as—as not ours really."

"He is," Leif said, with sudden overwhelming conviction. "Think of his eyes, like yours; his nose, like mine; all of him so much like his brother."

"Yes," Virginia said eagerly. "Yes, I do." She added wonderingly, "It's like people you see who have been married a long time—happily, I mean—and actually come to look alike. There *must* be something, some curious chemical thing, that happens when—when there is so much love."

"Peter," Leif said firmly, "is our creation as certainly as Paul."

"Send me some photos," Aunt Cassie wrote shortly before her return, "so that my little grandnephews won't be like strangers when I see them. I am a great one for telling human nature from pictures."

"I won't do it!" Virginia burst out. "And I hate people who are always prying into human nature. Who cares what they think? There's such a thing as the privacy of personality, and yet there are some people who walk right into a character uninvited who wouldn't dare set foot in a private house without leave."

"Aunt Cassie would walk in anywhere," Leif pointed out reasonably. "But she doesn't mean any harm. Send her a picture—the one of the boys sitting on the snow man. They look like a pair of rabbits."

Aunt Cassie's comment on the photograph was characteristic:

"It doesn't seem to me that Virginia dresses the children warmly enough. Bare knees in this sort of weather may be very pretty but not very prudent. Of course I had no trouble in telling them apart. Paul has the Hart nose and his grandmother's eyes."

The notepaper shook in Virginia's fingers. "Leif," she said quietly, "the day Aunt Cassie sets foot in this town, I'm going to take those children away."

Leif leaned down and kissed her cheek lightly. "If I don't misjudge your Aunt Cassie, you'll never know when she'll hit town, so I wouldn't make any plans. And I think you're building trouble, sweet. Did you happen to notice that Aunt Cassie, although spotting the Hart forehead and grandma's searching eye, was careful not to say which boy—left or right—had 'em?"

A final letter reached them on a fall Saturday a few days before Aunt Cassie's arrival.

"Dear Children," it read: "You can expect me any day. I'll be so glad to see my little boys and, of course, I'll bring each a present. I thought Paul would like to have his great-

TOASTIMONIALS

"Talk about inventions! You people have invented more than a toaster. You've invented toast! *I hand it to you . . . every morning."*

"My husband used to be a bear at breakfast. Now he's a lamb! He likes his toast —he likes me! *I've* postponed *my nervous breakdown."*

"I'm five years old, have blue eyes, and can make as good toast as Mummie does. I can make any kind but burnt — *that's too hard!"*

"Boy, do you know your toasters! I'd like to take ours apart to see what makes it run so slick—but Mom says 'Just you dare!'"

FOR peace in the family—a *Toastmaster** automatic toaster! No more burnt-toast tempers. You set the little button for Light, Dark, or Medium—then blissfully rely on the famous Flexible Timer to pop up your kind of toast the instant it's done, piping hot and perfect every time. . . .The beautiful 2-slice model, $16.00; its 1-slice toastmate, $9.95—wherever fine appliances are sold.

TOASTMASTER *Automatic Toasters*

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of MCGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY, Toastmaster Products Division, Elgin, Ill. • Copyright, 1940, McGraw Electric Co.

uncle Matthew's napkin ring, which I've kept all these years. There will be more things of this sort coming to him, of course—which reminds me, Leif, I had better see that lawyer man pretty soon. I'm feeling well enough, thank you, but life is an uncertain proposition at best and you never can tell when the weather will turn wet."

It was not until Monday, however, as they were driving home, that Leif, who had received the letter, could get himself to show it to Virginia.

"Look at this," he said. "But don't jump out of your skin, sweet. We've got to face Aunt Cassie sometime."

Virginia read the letter and for a long time stared silently over the lean and used autumn fields.

Finally she spoke, her voice flat and steady. "I'd rather give up every cent Aunt Cassie has to leave," she said, "than have Peter feel one second of unhappiness."

Leif hunched his shoulders over the wheel. "So should I," he said. "But it's not as simple as all that. You've got to think of Paul. The Hart money is, in a way, his rightful inheritance. That is, yours and then his."

"Nonsense," Virginia said sharply. "Paul would never think of it that way. Oh, I'm positive!" She put a hand on his arm. "Leif, Leif! Don't you know—don't you realize—that, somehow, it was Peter who gave Paul life?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I've thought of that."

They didn't speak again until they drew up to the house. Then Virginia burst out, "There she is!"

The big rectangle of yellow light outlined Aunt Cassie's spare figure, but that wasn't all. She was flanked by the two small redheaded boys, each clinging to one of her hands and performing from that support all sorts of impromptu acrobatics.

"We've had a scrumptious time!" Aunt Cassie announced before Leif or Virginia could speak. "A regular circus. Eh, kids?"

"Sc'umptious," said Paul.

"Aunt Cassie bwing us pwesents," said Peter.

But as soon as embraces had been exchanged, the door closed and coats removed, Leif plunged grimly in.

"Well, Aunt Cassie," he said, "what do you think of 'em? They're alike as two pins, aren't they?"

But Aunt Cassie was not to be stampeded. While Leif and Virginia waited nervously, she carefully undid the pince-nez from the enameled fleur-de-lis on her starched and uncompromising shirtwaist, fitted them to her nose, and studied Peter and Paul, now rolling on the white bear rug before the living-room hearth.

"They're both lovely boys," she said appraisingly, "but such a difference. Family traits and that sort of thing. And Peter is heavier."

"There's exactly three ounces between them," Virginia said in a hard little voice, "in favor of Paul."

She took a vaguely conceived step toward Aunt Cassie, but Leif caught her hand and held it. He also caught, he believed, something odd in Aunt Cassie's expression.

"You don't say so," Aunt Cassie said.

"Just exactly what are those differences, Aunt Cassie?" Leif asked. "Those family traits and all that?"

"Oh, I'll tell you directly," Aunt Cassie said, and cleared her throat. Then the expression Leif had detected matured frankly into a broad and somewhat sheepish grin. "That is, if you'll kindly point out which is which." She added dryly, "I mean, if you know yourself."

A new brilliant light filled Virginia's eyes. "Aunt Cassie," she said, "we *don't* know—in any way that matters."

"As you shouldn't," Aunt Cassie said, diving suddenly into the handkerchief pocket of her black alpaca skirt. "I wrote you a lot of foolishness, and I'm mighty sorry. These boys *are* brothers." She blew her nose with unexpected violence. "It's a miracle, but I believe in it."

Virginia flew to her. "Aunt Cassie!"

"You'll run all the starch out of my shirtwaist," Aunt Cassie said, patting her niece's head vigorously.

Leif said, putting his pipe carefully into his pocket, "I could hug you."

"I don't mind," Aunt Cassie said. "And after that you'd better call that lawyer man for an appointment. You never can tell when it'll turn wet."

THE END

How to tell when the Honeymoon is over

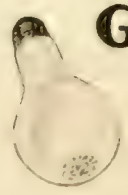
1 **NOT OVER** as long as he brings home candy and flowers...helps you with the dishes... tells you you're getting more beautiful every day....

2 **BUT WHAT'S THIS?** He's a "Bulbsnatcher" —sneaking the 100 watt bulb out of your reading lamp to put in his own. Watch out, sister, the honeymoon's on the wane!

3 **BUT ALL'S WELL** that ends well. Here he's come home with a whole new supply of G-E MAZDA lamps at new reduced prices, and all is forgiven!

NEW LOW PRICES

7½, 15, 25 watt . . . . . now only **10¢**
40, 50, and 60 watt were 15¢ . . . now **13¢**
75 and 100 watt already down to . . . . **15¢**
100-200-300 watt already down to . . . **60¢**



G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC
Made to stay brighter longer

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

The stars of San Francisco—remember Gable and Tracy in 1936? —do it again! This time in the oil-field thriller Boom Town.

FIVE STARS . . and a TEN-STRIKE

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 48 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ BOOM TOWN

THE PLAYERS: Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Frank Morgan, Lionel Atwill, Chill Wills, Marion Martin, Minna Gombell, Joe Yule, Horace Murphy, Roy Gordon, Richard Lane, Casey Johnson, Baby Quintanilla, George Lassey, Sara Haden, Frank Orth, Frank McGlynn, Sr., Curt Bois. Screen play by John Lee Mahin based on a story by James Edward Grant. Directed by Jack Conway. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 120 minutes.

THIS is true movie, this star-studded cavalcade of oil wildcatting.

Chiefly the background is west Texas in the oil-frontier days of 1919. About two adventurers, partners through adversity, seeking their fortune in drilling for the mucky wealth hidden in the deep veins of the earth. Both men love the same woman, but one of them wins her. His fortune carries him and his wife to the luxury of a New York penthouse. The other tries to forget in endless wildcatting for more oil. Then a sleek adventuress enters the domestic scene. The other man turns up to help the wife.

I am not going to tell you what happens. Clark Gable is the two-fisted gent who wins Claudette Colbert and a penthouse, Spencer Tracy is the self-sacrificing adventurer who comes back to prevent Hedy Lamarr from copping Clark and his fortune.

The story has plenty of punch, plus the picturesque background of oil questing through the Southwest, possesses above-the-average sustained interest. There are fist fights in the oil-soaked mud, there are boom towns, there are frontier saloon dance halls, there are gushers and burning wells. There are few subtleties—but there is almost continuous action. True, the film has slow stretches, the plot grows repetitious. But Gable was never better, Tracy is excellent, Miss Colbert is charmingly effective. Miss Lamarr has a smaller role but she is quite adequate in an inscrutable way. And there's Frank Morgan as a harassed seller of oil-drilling equipment.

All in all, a roaring saga of a fabulous era.

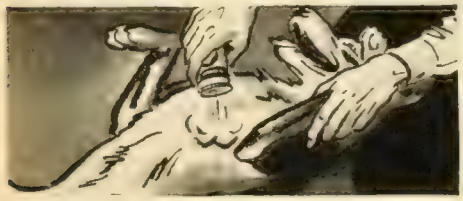
VITAL STATISTICS: Clark Gable has been wanting to do an oil-field story for a long time. At eighteen he wandered from Ohio into the Big Heart oil fields of Oklahoma, landed his first real job, of tool dresser. Clark's dad, William Gable, was for years in the oil business and, visiting the Boom Town sets, watched things with keen interest. . . . Boom Town went into production March 21, took ten weeks to shoot, cost about a million. . . . Tracy had just taken a four-weeks rest after four pictures in a row; has been in Alaska since for another vacation. . . . Since you can't have a gusher any time you want it, those in B. T. were man-made and man-controlled. The oil gusher was laid out in Lost Hills, near the oil town of Bakersfield, California. Into the casing of a well were welded two-inch nozzles. Pumps, delivering 10,000 gallons a minute under pressure, hurled the oil 300 feet. Quick-action valves controlled the nozzles, these in turn controlled by electrical relays from a switchboard. The water geyser was constructed on much the same principle. The gusher which caught fire consumed 500,000 cubic feet of natural gas plus 100,000 gallons of oil each time it rose, was extinguished by nitroglycerin explosions. The fire was controlled from a switchboard regulating oil, with liquefied natural gas hurled into the air by pumps and ignited by a circle of automobile spark plugs. . . . The set for Burkburnett was built on M-G-M's sixty-acre tract, but the cameras had to be turned away from the Baldwin Hills, covered with real oil derricks. These, you see, are 120-footers. Those of the B. T. era were eighty feet high and of wood. . . . That tumble of Gable and Tracy into knee-deep oil-soaked mud was somethin'. Had to be sprayed with hoses, change their clothes over and over, re-mud their faces for various shots, the stuff dried so quickly. Took four hours to get the mud just right. Toughest job was getting the soggy boots off Clark and Spence afterward. . . . Hedy Lamarr trimmed four inches off her tresses for her role. And she isn't kissed once through the film. . . . Big Moose, that nickname of Clark Gable in the film, has been used by his film-colony friends affectionately for years. Clark, by the way, gained two inches in height with those cowboy boots plus their four-inch heels. Cost thirty-five dollars a pair. . . . The studio had a tough job finding sixty cars, vintage antedating 1918. . . . Those Ird'ans are real, but their long, braided hair isn't. No long-haired redskins in Hollywood. Get more work if their hair is short.

★ ★ ½ HE STAYED FOR BREAKFAST

THE PLAYERS: Loretta Young, Melvyn Douglas, Alan Marshal, Eugene Pallette, Una O'Connor, Curt Bois, Leonid Kinskey. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson, Michel Fessier, and Ernest Vajda, based on Sidney Howard's Ode to Liberty, adapted from Michel Duran's Liberté Provisoire. Directed by Alexander Hall. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 89 minutes.

A STORY that rushes in where Hollywood has pretty much feared to tread, Communistic-conscious waiter who, annoyed by the arrogant capitalistic ways of a rich pompous patron, shoots the banker—in the little finger, of all places. It seems that the fat tycoon always has curled this little finger as he drinks his afternoon aperitif. Having wounded the man of wealth, the waiter makes his escape and, in avoiding the gendarmes, by chance seeks refuge in the very apartment of his victim. There the man's pretty wife, well understanding the waiter's annoyance at

I started my vacation when we got Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA POWDER — it *really kills fleas!* Up till then, I was convention headquarters — for fleas. I looked like something the cat dragged in. My skin itches were serious. The Master got wise — and got SKIP-FLEA.



How we slaughtered those fleas! And fixed up my skin too — SKIP-FLEA POWDER is borated. Now I bathe with SKIP-FLEA SOAP (it kills 'em too), and take to the Powder between times. Get SKIP-FLEA SOAP and POWDER at a drug or pet store. Ask for the *free* Sergeant's DOG BOOK too — or mail this coupon.

Sergeant's

DOG MEDICINES

FREE

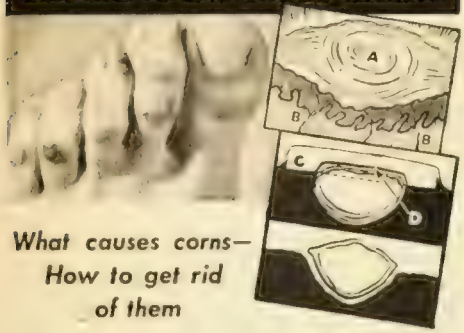
Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 4-I, Richmond, Va.
Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

CORN SUFFERERS should know these facts...



What causes corns— How to get rid of them

Corns are caused by pressure and friction, become a hard plug (A) whose base presses on sensitive nerves (B). But now it's easy to remove corns. Blue-Jay pad (C) relieves pain by removing pressure. Special medication (D) acts on the corn—gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out (stubborn cases may require a second treatment). Then simply by avoiding the pressure and friction which caused your corns you can prevent their return. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters—25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it relieves pain and removes the corn. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Division of The Kendall Co., Dept. C-21, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires.

her stodgy husband, hides him—and proceeds to fall in love.

The waiter, as he absorbs the comforts of luxury and succumbs to romance, gradually loses his taste for overturning society.

I'm wondering a bit how America will accept a romantic waiter who preaches revolution, even if he reverses himself at the finish. The laughter, I suspect, will be a little on the cautious side. Melvyn Douglas never suggests a waiter but he is a suave comedian. Loretta Young is decorative as the bored, rebellious young wife. Eugene Pallette is the wounded-in-the-little-finger banker.

VITAL STATISTICS: He Stayed for Breakfast had a tight six-weeks shooting schedule, because Melvyn Douglas was going to Chicago for the Democratic Convention. He was a member of the California contingent pledged to Roosevelt. . . . Eugene Pallette has been in films for thirty years, at least two years longer than his closest rivals, Jack Holt, Wallie Beery, and Chaplin. Once did leading male roles. That was in 1916, opposite Norma Talmadge in Yes or No. Then he began to put on weight, turned to character roles. His sub-basement voice is the toughest in pictures for the mikes. Frequently snaps the delicate recording valve, throws the whole system out. . . . Maurice Costello did a small, unlisted role. He copped the first screen credit ever given an actor, when he did A Tale of Two Cities for Vitagraph opposite Florence Turner. Up to that, actors hadn't been listed on the film.

★ CAPTAIN CAUTION

THE PLAYERS: Victor Mature, Louise Platt, Leo Carrillo, Bruce Cabot, Robert Barrat, Vivienne Osborne, Miles Mander, El Brendel, Roscoe Ates, Andrew Tombes, Pat O'Malley, Lloyd Corrigan. Screen play by Grover Jones based on Kenneth Roberts' novel. Directed by Richard Wallace. Produced by Hal Roach-United Artists. Running time, 85 minutes.

NEVER once does this Kenneth Roberts romance of the high seas in 1812 or thereabouts ring true. A Yankee merchantman in the Pacific is captured by a British brig. Later an American frigate releases her. Then the captain's daughter, her father killed, takes command. From that point the cruise is a duel between the honest former first mate and a crafty ex-slaver.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Foreign Correspondent, Our Town, The Baker's Wife, Rebecca, Pinocchio.

★★★½—I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm, Virginia City, The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage.

★★★—Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater, It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables, Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen.

ONE HOUR RELIEF FOR MORNING AFTER!

A PLUTO HIGHBALL *Gives Amazing Relief in ONE HOUR!*

● Try a *Pluto highball for morningafter blues. Discover its swift, gentle action. See how quickly you perk up—feeling worlds better in one hour. Experience Pluto's thorough cleansing with no unpleasant after effects! Get Pluto at any drug store! Pluto highball 10c at fountain and bar!

***PLUTO HIGHBALL:** Pour 2 ounces of Pluto in a glass—fill with water and drink.

PLUTO *Water* From Famous French Lick Springs, Ind.

WHEN NATURE WON'T—PLUTO WILL!

I WANT YOU

for the **U.S. ARMY**

©Leslie-Judge Co.—From Painting by James Montgomery Flagg

A question to ask

By Don James

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

PETER TIMMINS sat in a secluded corner of the Tudor Room and watched Trent Harney talk with the man who, the bellboy said, was Blixer, the famous director.

If Peter were not so nervous it would be rather exciting to watch a screen star like Trent Harney doing an everyday thing like talking with a friend, lighting a cigarette. Laura and the children said that Trent Harney had won an Academy award. Peter had been too busy with his auditing to know exactly what that meant, but it must be important.

This thing that Peter had to do was important, too. At first it was important to the children, and now it was important to Peter because he was afraid he couldn't do it.

Ever since they had arrived at the hotel, Peter had been a little nervous. He wasn't used to expensive things, startling rates, exorbitant meals in the dining room that looked like something out of a movie itself. But Laura had chosen to spend their vacation budget on fewer days at the hotel than a longer period at the beach. She said it would be good for the children.

Trent Harney lit a fresh cigarette, and he even did that differently. Peter wondered if he could learn to slip a cigarette between his lips with that nonchalant movement.

It was going to be something to tell the boys at the office. *Maybe* it would be something. Peter remembered what he had to do. Maybe he wouldn't want to remember Trent Harney.

Peter went to lodge regularly, he had an occasional beer, he always shelled out for the sweepstakes, and contributed his share to the annual office smoker. He tried hard to be "regular," but he secretly knew that he was as timid and shy as he looked, with his thinning hair, his small body.

It was only once in a while that he wished he were different. On occasions like this.

Peter tried to brace himself with logic. Even if it seemed the most difficult task in the world, it wasn't, he told himself. He'd promised the children that he'd get Mr. Harney's autograph for them. Movie stars must sign thousands of autographs. Didn't they have to do that or lose favor with their public?

He'd wait until Harney was alone for a few seconds. Then he'd simply walk up to Harney and say he'd appreciate an autograph for his children. That's all there would be to it.

Peter tried to smile confidently, but the black cloud came up again to shadow the logic. What if Harney should curtly refuse to autograph the paper? Maybe there would be some one around to see the rebuff and be amused and smile knowingly at timid Peter Timmins.

And there were the children. He'd never broken a promise to them and they'd been after him to get the autograph almost as soon as they'd seen Trent Harney in the hotel. What would they think if he failed them now?

Trent Harney and the director were leaving their chairs now and walking slowly toward the desk. Peter wet dry lips and mentally framed a sentence:

"Mr. Harney, would you mind autographing this for my children?"

Surely Harney would smile and obligingly take the pencil and paper Peter would offer him. He wouldn't curtly say, "No!" Peter assured himself firmly that Harney wouldn't do that, but his legs trembled a little as he followed the two men.

They stopped at the desk and Peter quickened his step. He groped in his pocket for the pencil and paper. He must have them ready.

Taking a deep breath to quiet the apprehensiveness that was sweeping through him, Peter stepped to the desk at Harney's side. He'd wait a second and then quietly ask for the autograph. The sentence he'd rehearsed.

Before he could speak, Trent Harney looked at Peter. The expression in his eyes was cold, impersonal, uninterested. It seemed almost as if he didn't see Peter at all.

Nervously Peter cleared his throat to speak. This was the second. And suddenly panic seized Peter in a paralyzing grip. The rehearsed sentence faded. He avoided Harney's eyes and mutely looked at the desk clerk.

"Yes, sir?" the clerk asked in his hotel-bred voice.

Peter had to say something. Anything.

"Is there a telegram for me? For Peter Timmins?" he said, and his voice came out a whisper. There wouldn't be a telegram, but now he had excused his presence at the desk, now he could retreat—get away. . . .

THE clerk was holding out an envelope to him and saying, "This just arrived, Mr. Timmins." Something was wrong! Peter wasn't expecting a telegram. His question was only an excuse to get away from Harney's side. But the envelope was for him. His name was typed beneath the transparent little window.

It was hard to open the envelope because his fingers were trembling. The message was from one of the boys at the office. At first the words were meaningless, and then he knew what they said. Peter gasped and swayed a little. The desk clerk looked startled and Trent Harney glanced curiously at Peter.

"Not bad news, sir?" the clerk said.

Peter shook his head and tried to find his voice.

"No . . . no . . . I've won the sweepstakes! Two hundred thousand dollars! I bought a ticket and I've won the sweepstakes!"

The clerk and Trent Harney came back into focus again and the faintness was disappearing. Peter dazedly looked at Trent Harney and said:

"What do you know about that! I won the sweepstakes!"

Harney smiled and his hand slipped into a pocket. It came out with an old envelope and a pencil. He thrust them toward Peter Timmins. "If you don't mind," he said. "It's my hobby—famous persons, you know."

Peter stared at the paper and again at Harney with a puzzled frown.

Harney laughed quietly as he did in pictures. "I'd like to have your autograph!" he said.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

PENDERGAST IS FREE

The revealing inside story of an American dictatorship . . . and a battle against it

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Those indicted by Judge Southern's Grand Jury ranged from Pendergast machine hoodlums, such as Gargotta, to "Honest Dave" Long, presiding judge of the Jackson County Court, and Prosecutor Waller W. Graves. Gargotta "copped a plea" and got three years in the penitentiary. Graves' trial ended in a directed verdict of acquittal, and he has remained in office. Judge Long, whose record Mr. Wake ventilated in Liberty last week, had been indicted on four counts and was tried three times. Last November his case was dismissed in consideration of his resigning.

Mr. Wake told of a $25,000 loan made in 1938 by the County Court, with Long presiding, to the mother of United States Senator Harry S. Truman, a Pendergast protégé who has more than once tried to hinder the machine's antagonist, United States Attorney Milligan. Last March it was announced that a "satisfactory arrangement" for repayment of this unusual loan had been negotiated.

A Circuit Court judge and public-spirited women investigators were quoted by Mr. Wake on the sufferings of Negro boy inmates of the Jackson County Industrial Home under the superintendency of Earl W. Beck, a machine pet. Efforts to get Beck dismissed by the County Court proved unavailing.

PART FOUR—
THE McELROY SHELL GAME

THE charges of mistreatment of inmates of the Industrial Home for Negro Boys and Girls under Beck finally came to a hearing before the Kansas City Board of Education. The County Court had reappointed Beck in the face of bitter protests.

At the Board of Education hearing, sixteen of seventeen witnesses gave substantiation to the reports already made by two grand juries and the women's committee. In spite of Beck's continual denials, the evidence mounted.

On February 24, 1940, the Board of Education eased him out of active office by authorizing the superintendent of schools to notify him that he should take a leave of absence until June 30, and that he could expect no renewal of his contract. That was pretty gentle treatment — but was typical. His salary is still being paid as this is written, and the County Court has instituted no legal move against him.

So much for the administration of Jackson County. How about the government of Kansas City itself under the dictatorship of Pendergast?

The boss's absolute control of the city was threatened by a reform wave in the '20's. Instead of fighting it, he joined it. A demand had been made for the city-manager form of government. He gave the citizens what they wanted. His city councilmen named Henry (Hank) F. McElroy city manager. McElroy, a thin white-haired Scotsman, irascible and dictatorial, was the directing genius of the Pendergast city machine for thirteen years.

At the age of eleven, pinched by poverty, he had left grammar school to work for thirty-five cents a day. In his teens he had been in demand as a jockey at county fairs; had become a clerk-bookkeeper in a small-town general store. At twenty he opened his own store. Three years later he was a bank president. He perfected his informal accounting system, which he termed "country bookkeeping."

He came to Kansas City, and did so well as a real-estate operator with a reputation for honesty that a group of impressed fellow business men persuaded him to run for a district judgeship and straighten out the muddled affairs of Jackson County as they existed in 1922. He ran, was elected, and seems to have removed the kinks with the snake oil of "country bookkeeping."

It was in 1925 that the Pendergast-controlled city council made him city manager. As time went on, he became a legend in Kansas City. His vaunted "country bookkeeping" showed a surplus year after year. The machine pointed to him proudly as the man who kept Kansas City in the black. He was the answer to reformers who bleated about the wastefulness of machine government. And each Sunday he went to Pendergast's home and discussed with him how the city should be run. And he ran it that way.

He didn't drink or smoke. On the wall of his home was a framed motto: "The Lord Will Provide." When potential snoops, visiting newspapermen, came to Kansas City to have a look-see, Director of Police Otto Higgins sent them on an escorted round of the town's more notorious joints. He showed them wide-open gambling and prostitution. Then he took them up to see gruff Judge McElroy.

The judge was the clincher. En route to his office the visitor might learn how parsimonious he was personally, and might be told not to be disturbed by his gruffness. Hadn't he been a father and mother to his children since 1915, when Mrs. McElroy died? And hadn't he often stopped his official car to help confused old ladies across the street?

McElroy did nothing to dissipate the legend. He shook hands with the visitors, extolled the city's financial health, acted stingy with his time.

It was the greatest civic shell game in the history of this country, and nine times out of ten the visiting

The watchman was slugged by a gang who were ostensibly labor-union representatives.

By
ROBERT WAKE

writer came away to say that, while Boss Pendergast ran a wide-open dirty town, he nonetheless, thanks to McElroy, gave the people good and economical city government. The people themselves had come to believe he did.

It was, of course, a gigantic fraud. Judge McElroy didn't actually keep Kansas City's budget balanced. He merely said he did. And by "country bookkeeping" and a barbed tongue he held off investigation while the machine went on plundering.

McElroy, at the start of his career as city manager, demanded and got home rule for the Kansas City Police. After that the hoodlum crowd bossed by Pendergast made a profitable racket of vice and gambling.

In his role as a penny-pincher, McElroy urged housewives to help the city economize on its garbage-collecting fees. Behind their backs, its garbage-collection job was turned over to an outfit, two fifths of whose stock was held by members of the Pendergast family, at an increased cost of $1,000 a week.

When the depression hit America, McElroy put through a ten-year bond plan whereby $40,000,000 (part of it federal money) was to be expended on a public building and beautification project to alleviate the misery of the unemployed. The machine did make some commendable improvements. It also paved, unnecessarily, some trickling creeks—in spots to a depth of eight feet—with Boss Pendergast's Ready Mixed Cement.

McElroy it was who instituted a "City Manager's Emergency Fund." He began it, modestly enough, with a $500 petty cash bank deposit. When the blow-off came, it was found that he had juggled more than six million dollars through that fund, an illegal slush fund that he controlled absolutely and secretly.

He effected economies by illegally slashing the wages of city employees. Any employee who protested faced the loss of his job in a time when jobs were scarce.

Pendergast's city administration refused to release an official pay-roll list. Kansas City should have been able to run its municipal affairs with little more than 3,000 employees. Last year 7,000 persons were found to be on its pay rolls, some of whom

did nothing except to appear regularly to collect their pay. Its grafting precinct captains, when caught and fired, were quietly transferred to the county pay roll. The head of a notorious Kansas City dope ring collected city pay from the Water Department for vague if not nonexistent services. Men convicted of vote fraud by United States Attorney Milligan were permitted to draw pay as members of the police department, and some of them even got paid while in jail. Pendergast's own secretary, Bernard Gnefkow, drew $160 a month as a "sanitary inspector."

A hospital in Kansas City boasted, at one count, 405 patients and 482 employees. At one period, if your child died in General Hospital, you would be fortunate to be notified. Your first knowledge might come when you phoned to ask how the child was. You would be told it had died and the body was already at an undertaking parlor—a machine undertaker's that did quite a business with the hospital.

Kansas City's Water Department carried a dead weight of 865 employees. And who do you think headed it—before he was packed off to jail? Robert Emmet O'Malley, who was given that job when Governor Stark kicked him out of office as State Superintendent of Insurance.

And through it all, snarling City Manager McElroy, watchdog for Boss Pendergast, put on such a good show that he convinced the public that it was really their bone he was guarding. Once, when the city was wallowing in the red that was carefully concealed by his "country-bookkeeping" methods, he laid his personal check on the line for $1,000. It would be donated, he explained, to a local hospital if any one could discover a deficit in the city's finances.

McELROY once referred to Governor Stark as "that polecat." He refused to pay the state a tax on city sales. He could be tough and mean with any one who criticized him or the machine. When one citizen let out a blurt concerning the local civic smell, McElroy ordered the garbage collectors to skip that man's house and let his garbage pile up.

It took exposure, a number of indictments, and death itself to get McElroy off the citizens' backs. Meanwhile, as a thrifty city manager, he enjoyed not only local but international fame. When he and his daughter went to Italy, representatives of Mussolini's government asked him humbly how he "did it." He made them a speech and said the autos in Italy made "too danged much noise." Mussolini—who, as one dictator to another, had made Pendergast Knight Commander of the Royal Crown of Italy—later passed an anti-noise edict to quiet the autoists Mr. McElroy complained about.

When the Kansas City clean-up got under way, McElroy resigned, at the age of seventy-four. He went to a hospital, suffering from cataracts, a bad heart, and grand-jury fever. He was indicted. He died just as a federal grand jury began to dig into his affairs and to learn that he owed the government more than a quarter of a million dollars in back taxes.

His "country-bookkeeping" records were found to consist of little more than a batch of check stubs and some papers which fitted into a cigar box. The trail of his financial mishandling of Kansas City may never be followed all the way through.

If this account has treated a man now dead harshly, it has at least been no harsher with him than was the machine which had helped loot the public till. The machine tossed him, at seventy-four, out of the job he treasured, and sent him home, disgraced, to die. And when he was dead it laid all of the boodling, the graft, the incredible abuses squarely on the grave of H. F. McElroy.

BEFORE he died, last fall, the machine itself was fighting for life in Kansas City. Otto P. Higgins, director of the city's police, resigned. His resignation was simply a machine attempt to convince the public that Governor Stark, who had demanded that Kansas City's police be put under state rule, was wrong. Stark finally won his point, although an ex-saloonkeeper and gambling-joint owner with a city official's job hurried to the capital, where the bill was being argued, and waved a bundle of bills of large denomination under the noses of the legislators.

Genial Chief Higgins now found time on his hands. He needed it—to prepare his defense for an income-tax rap lodged against him by Milligan. Later he copped a plea and got two years in Leavenworth.

Milligan was doing a fine job of piling up convictions. In the state courts, where a direct conviction for a specific crime should have been easy, the boys still weren't doing so well. The indictments, however, had awakened a bludgeoned sense of civic responsibility in the people, and the Kansas City Star kept that aroused spirit awake.

Shortly after McElroy's resignation, Mayor Bryce B. Smith jumped up and proclaimed himself new champion of the people. Unfortunately, his act, as it went on, was unconvincing. He fought the governor's state-rule police bill on the plaintive grounds that the problem was local and that he and the boys would handle it. The first new appointment made under the Smith regime was a man who had been backed by the notorious Gil Bourk. And so on. In his short career as champion of the people, Smith did do the cause of good government one great service. Asked how many city employees there were, he said he did not know. But the gate was open now for a look at the pay rolls and the books. The Star printed the former in full.

A third county grand jury had swung into action under Circuit Judge Ray G. Cowan by now, and it was just in time to investigate payroll padding and the "water leak" scandal — which was a juicy one. Here is the gist of testimony taken from witnesses, chief of whom was John Rathford, at the city's depositions before O. S. Hill, commissioner, in an investigation of the scandal:

In October, 1931, John J. Rathford, a minor employee in the waterworks department of Kansas City, was busily testing meters in quest of leaks when he was told that two men wished to see him. They proved to be William J. Boyle and John Pryor, pals of Pendergast and proprietors of the Boyle-Pryor Construction Company. Pryor, an ex-saloonkeeper and ex-gambling-boat operator, had risen from the position of ward boss and had survived a murder trial.

They asked Rathford about his work of hunting out leaks for the city's water department, then asked him to come to their office as soon as he could. Under their direction, Rathford, who was no engineer, formed the Rathford Engineering Company, which offered its leak-hunting services to the city. It did this work for a nominal charge of $5,000 a month. Rathford was permitted to keep $400 of that amount himself. A few assistants were paid salaries, the highest going to a man named William E. Burnett, Jr., who was paid $300 a month. He was the son-in-law of Thomas J. Pendergast.

The rest of the money, according to Rathford, was turned over to the Boyle-Pryor office. By early 1939, when the scandal was uncovered, the city had paid $365,000 to the Rathford company. Rathford didn't get it. He testified that, in an economy drive, when his salary was to be cut and he protested, Boyle told him:

"That is all we can pay. We can't cut Billy Burnett."

PRYOR, indicted and haled into court, roundly cursed a grand juror who spoke to him. He told the grand jury not to stick its nose in his business. Boyle didn't appear. Fate, in the form of a bolt of lightning, had overtaken him on a golf course. When the investigation got going, it was the deceased Boyle who took it on the chin. The testimony indicated that he had been the one who profited hugely by the swindle.

Though a county grand jury had indicted Pryor, it was United States Attorney Milligan and his overworked staff who put Pryor in a cell. Milligan nailed him on nine counts of tax evasion. Pryor came into court and pleaded guilty to three counts. The remaining six were dismissed, and he was sentenced to serve two years in prison, pay a fine, and spend five years on probation.

According to the federal grand jury which indicted him, Pryor had neglected to report more than a cool million dollars received by himself and his three contracting companies. Where did Pryor get that kind of money? Again the trail leads back to the nation's capital.

Pryor and Pendergast had a mutual friend—Matthew S. Murray, an engineer. In 1926, after the Pendergast machine became supreme, the boss saw to it that Matt Murray was appointed Director of Public Works for Kansas City at a salary of $8,000 a year. Murray beat the drum for Pendergast, and did nothing to injure Pendergast's chances of selling the city Ready Mixed Concrete. He became a great buddy of Pryor, too.

A pal also of Harry Hopkins, then Secretary of Commerce and WPA czar, Matt Murray was named to the post of state administrator of WPA. During his regime the WPA spent millions of dollars in the State of Missouri. That was a lot of money and a lot of jobs—about 100,000 of them all over the state. The construction companies in which Pendergast and Pryor were interested went to work like bees on projects. The wealth and political power of the machine increased fabulously.

AND Murray zoomed from an obscure engineer to a political hot shot himself. In five years as a two-job man he let contracts totaling about $5,000,000 to the affiliated Pryor-Pendergast companies. The charter of Kansas City required that on any contract for work costing more than $2,500 a system of open bidding be followed. It wasn't. Jobs running into hundreds of thousands of dollars were split up into $2,500 units and handed, without competition, to Pendergast-Pryor outfits.

Pryor's company was cut in on a $2,000,000 job of prison construction in Missouri, and Pryor told a friend, "I have got to cut the old chief in on this contract. He has done so much for us, I am under great obligations to him." The "old chief" was Murray.

The bellicose ex-saloonkeeper, Pryor, had his sentimental streak, it seems. He even arranged for Murray's son to enter West Point, and he and Pendergast slipped Murray, who was finding it hard to scrimp and save on his two salaries, which totaled $14,000 a year, "gifts and gratuities." They gave him cash—about $50,000 worth of it. And all three of them forgot to include these harmless little donations when filing their income-tax returns.

Thus, when the Treasury agents had put Murray through the wringer, he appeared in court to face the fire of Milligan. He had been forced to resign from his job as Director of Public Works in Kansas City. His departments there were reeking with padded pay rolls. But he clung to his WPA administratorship until, in August of last year, Washington considerately suggested that he take a leave of absence and not come back.

Unlike his fellow machine bosses, Murray stood trial, pleaded not guilty. His fight against Milligan did him little good. He was found guilty of income-tax evasion and sentenced to serve a standard two-year rap in Leavenworth.

To Leavenworth, too, had gone Charles (the Wop) Carollo. He had been tried for income-tax evasion, perjury, and mail fraud, and found guilty of all three.

In a city full of lurid success stories, Carollo's is one of the more spectacular. As he himself explained plaintively at one of his trials, he knew nothing whatever about politics until 1934. That was the year Johnny Lazia died in a gangster ambuscade. Pendergast appointed Carollo to succeed Lazia. Carollo learned fast. Kansas City, under his pudgy fist, became more wide open than ever. He and his boys made the rounds and collected pay-off money. They took in anything from $400 to $15,000 a year from gambling houses. Carollo said he carried all this money to Boss Pendergast at 1908 Main Street. He also paid regular visits to City Manager McElroy and Director of Police Higgins.

He kept not a cent of the money for himself. And yet somehow he managed to build himself a country home complete with grape arbors and saddle horses, and, according to the government, he failed to report an income of more than half a million dollars traced to him in a period of four years. Caught, he was the first member of the mob to squeal directly on Pendergast. Today, serving eight years in Leavenworth, he is ignored by his one-time machine friends who are there with him.

HIS squealing was the wail of terror, for Charlie (the Wop) Carollo happens to be an alien. Under the law, an alien found guilty of two felonies involving moral turpitude can be deported—and Carollo doesn't seem anxious to go back to his native Italy. One of his convictions involved moral turpitude. Whether or not the other two did, technically, is at this writing undetermined.

Carollo and Lazia! Punks and hoodlums raised to the power of unofficial overlords in a great American city! Was it in return for that courtesy that Mussolini's government conferred a decoration on Pendergast? If so, why should America be outdone in generosity? Why not give Italy back Charlie Carollo? And we might, for good measure, throw in Angelo Donnici, the humble little elderly saloonkeeper who turned out to be the head of the biggest dope ring in the country! His exposure chanced to result from the slugging of the watchman of a building in Kansas City's business district by a gang of hoodlums who were ostensibly labor-union representatives.

How had so "humble" a man wormed his way to such criminal affluence? Mr. Wake will tell the whole amazing story next week, and will sum up on the present state of affairs in Kansas City and the amount of civic house cleaning still badly needed there.

DOWN COMES THE PRICE!

KOOLS NOW COST NO MORE THAN OTHER POPULAR BRANDS

•

And you get valuable golden coupons with KOOLS—America's finest mentholated cigarette.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. A printed guarantee wrapped around each package of Cystex insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under this positive money back guarantee so get Cystex from your druggist today for only 35c.

FREE Week's supply, double or single edge blades. Write MARLIN, 17 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

Soft Men and Brass Hats

FULTON OURSLER

WHEN PRESIDENT Roosevelt came home from watching the army maneuvers some time ago he made a significant statement. The men in the camp, he said, were too soft. European soldiers could walk thirty miles a day. The Americans found fifteen miles a strain. The President thought something ought to be done about that. Obviously he was right, but I could not help reflecting how much could have been done about it long ago if the leaders of our government had lent their prestige and encouragement to the one man in the United States who has tried, in season and out, for nearly half a century, to get Americans to walk. No reader of Liberty needs to be told that this man is Bernarr Macfadden. Constantly he has pleaded for stronger, healthier, more powerful manhood and womanhood in America. Specifically he has pleaded for Americans to cultivate the habit of long arduous walking as the greatest single exercise for strength and health. Year after year he has sponsored long hikes. For days at a time he has led these hikes in the face of ridicule and derision. Hundreds of men and women also braved public ridicule to join in these hikes. Mr. Roosevelt would not have to complain now of soft armies, of men who can walk only half as far as their potential enemies, if there had been thousands and hundreds of thousands following Mr. Macfadden's sound advice instead of the hundreds who did so. As an advocate of walking Mr. Macfadden shares the fate of most prophets on their home grounds. Now perhaps America will listen. At long last the truth is out. Now is the time for walking clubs to be formed all over the country.

ANOTHER NEWSPAPER ITEM struck home to me the other day. It was the fine statement by Mr. Willkie in which he declared that if elected President he would work for the establishment of a single war ministry with three subdivisions of army, navy, and air service. If this did not prove practicable at once, he intended, in any case, to create a Cabinet post of Secretary of Aviation. Here again there is belated recognition of a reform that has long been necessary. I remember so well a day in 1933 when General Billy Mitchell, victim of the Washington brass hats because he had told the truth about the army's airplanes, came for a visit to my home. He had just been to the White House. He had talked with President Roosevelt during a swim in the new pool and had urged this very reform now advocated by the Republican candidate —a ministry of the air. "The President," said Mitchell, "seemed deeply impressed. I believe he would like to put through that reform. I doubt if he ever does. The admirals and the generals won't let him." There was no bitterness in his voice when he said that. General Mitchell was never bitter about the injustice visited upon him by the War Department. He was merely in despair. Perhaps if Willkie is elected he can shout down the admirals and the generals and have his way. It may even be that they have changed their minds by now—although generals and admirals seldom change their minds. Anyway, one can take some hope. At least the President has found out that Americans cannot walk far enough to win a war.

IN URGING THE VALUE of walking and in promoting the idea of an air ministry, as Liberty has done for many years, we were following our usual course of looking into the future. Next week's issue looks into the future with a sports article called Pigskin Prophecies, by Norman L. Sper. Last year Mr. Sper called the turn accurately, and this year I am sure you will want to know what he predicts will be the results of the new football season. There are many articles and stories next week which can be recommended without reservation. Does Hollywood Make Bad Pictures on Purpose? by Eddie Cantor, will not only make you laugh but will give every movie fan something to think about. And you will learn something about Ida Lupino in the Frederick Lewis article which analyzes her loop-the-loop into popularity. Bernarr Macfadden's own account of some dark hours alone in the air will give you a thrill. You will take sides one way or the other on Alimony Parasites. You will enjoy What Am I Living For?—the confessions of an economic royalist as recounted to George E. Sokolsky. You will have a good time with two important short stories—Schoolboy's Return, by Gordon Malherbe Hillman, and Puzzle Head, by Ben Ames Williams; and you will find installments of the current serials.

SOME TIME AGO we published a letter from a woman who was nearing the end of life and regretted deeply the fact that she had had nothing but hard times and sacrifice and had not had the opportunity to have a good time in life. A great many people have written us about this disconsolate lady, but none was more interesting or to the point than a letter signed "Suzanne." Her letter is important not only for what she says but also for a fact which she does not relate in the letter—that Suzanne, for most of her life, has suffered from a pain in the ears which cannot be cured. Her life has been one of constant suffering, yet this is what she has to say to the unhappy lady in San Francisco: "I have had such a wonderful time. There was that glorious day when I heard some one say, 'It's a boy.' And those wonderful years of companionship which followed. Then there was that day when I was so supremely happy when I received a card saying, 'Your manuscript has been accepted for publication.' And then that day when an artist looked my crayon drawings over and spoke encouragingly, and the big laugh I got when he asked me who my teacher was —when there never had been a teacher. And that glorious day, filled with sunshine, when I stood on the top of a high cliff overlooking the Pacific and watched the oil tankers sailing off to Japan or China or somewhere else, and my skin was tanned and the wind was blowing in my hair and I felt like a little girl again. And of course I had a good time that day when I tried to talk to the Mexican children at Tia Juana and Agua Caliente. And that day I let those adorable French children in Quebec sell me some green apples which I had no intention of eating. And then again I think of the airplane trips over the Rocky Mountains, looking down on the snow-capped peaks, with the sunset before us, a blaze of glory. There also was that unforgettable day when I walked down the steps at Columbia when the boy had received his B. A. degree—and two years later when he received his B. S. degree, moments of such extreme happiness that I had to keep saying to my galloping heart, 'Take it easy—other women have lived through this—you can too.' I could go on like this for days. What about the other side of the scales? Well, there was hard work and sacrifice. But what of that? Those two things are on the light end of the balance—and the other end of the scales hang low and heavy. If there is a heaven and if I do go to it, I think I'll probably just say, 'Well, thanks for a wonderful time.'"

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER 28, 1940

EDITORIAL

We Must Have Compulsory Physical Training!
Bernarr Macfadden 3

SHORT STORIES

You Sabotaged My Heart
Steve Fisher 13

Two Small Redheaded Boys
Charles Bonner 50

A Question to Ask—Liberty's Short Short.....Don James 57

SERIALS

Unexpected Uncle--Part II
Eric Hatch 20

Lightning in the Night—Part V
Fred Allhoff 37

Pendergast Is Free!—Part IV
Robert Wake 58

ARTICLES

Willkie Over the Coffee Cups
Walter Karig 9

How Japan Plans to Conquer America.....Carl Crow 11

Murder on the Diamond
Joe Medwick 18
as told to Jack Mahon

Old Brown Joe. Frederick L. Collins 25

Do You Fear Your Husband's Office Wife?.....Gretta Palmer 27

I Flew into Battle in a British Bomber.....Robert Low 29

Florida Leads the Way. Earl Reeves 45

Fifty-Fifty Football
Norman L. Sper 48

FEATURES

Vox Pop, 4; $2,500 Patriotic United States Constitution Quiz Contest, 34; Crossword Puzzle, 36; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 49; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 55.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY DAVID BERGER

Where Building Health is a Happy Game!

Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York—in the Heart of the Beautiful Genesee Country.

MILLIONS believe they must continually suffer from such ailments as stomach trouble, headaches, rheumatism, colitis, a tired feeling, nervousness, arthritis and many other health disorders which sap strength, vitality and mental alertness—and slow down the ability to do things.

The Physical Culture Hotel specializes in clearing up such health conditions through natural measures—no drugs, medicines or operations. Almost miraculous results are secured through diet, massage, baths, corrective manipulations and mild exercise.

Business men and women, professional men and women and all who value that priceless possession, good health, will find it to their advantage to get the complete story of the Physical Culture movement. It is so simple to learn the magic secrets of keeping well and strong through a health course at this great institution, where health building processes are so conducted that building health becomes a happy game.

Tired and broken down bodies are rejuvenated by the upbuilding process which accompanies scientific, natural health building. Insure an abundance of good health which is the elixir of life and the basis of successful accomplishment. Mail the coupon today for detailed information.

Have You a Heart Condition?

The heart is just a big muscle. When it has been strained for any reason rest is important but ultimately the heart muscles must be strengthened. The scientific method available for this purpose at Physical Culture Hotel has brought phenomenal results in many cases.

WEIGHT REDUCTION—Sojourners at Physical Culture Hotel have achieved weight reduction amounting to from 10 pounds to as much as 50 pounds under a vitality building system that never fails in its objectives.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE due to faulty diet and failure to understand the scientific physical culture methods of vitalizing the internal organism responds rapidly under the ideal conditions offered at the Physical Culture Hotel.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

Dansville New York

New York City Address:

Room 718, Bartholomew Bldg.,

205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL, Dept. L. 9-28
Room 718, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule and your attractive free week offer.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

THE ALEXANDER TWINS...Dorothy and Grace, Famous Drum Majorettes for American Legion Post 42, Martinsville, Virginia

SALUTE YOU

AND SALUTE

Chesterfield

FOR REAL MILDNESS AND BETTER TASTE

These are the twin pleasures you look for in a cigarette. You'll find them in every Chesterfield you smoke...and it takes the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos united in Chesterfields to give you the added pleasure of a cooler smoke... *Make your next pack Chesterfield and join the millions of smokers who say*

They Satisfy

Copyright 1940, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.